

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Tennessee whites have given renewed illustration, during the past week, of their determination to prevent the insolent black man from attempting to maintain his impudent assertion of equality—the means taken being the hanging of a few helpless, utterly defenceless negro prisoners by a large mob of armed men. The negroes, to the number of sixteen, who were confined in the Trenton jail on a charge of kidnapping, were taken out by this mob about two o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult., the jailer having been frightened into letting them into the prison. Firing was afterwards heard, and four negroes were found to have been shot dead and two wounded, ten remaining unaccounted for, whose bodies are said to have been afterwards found in the river-bottom. The pretext for this wholesale murder was the usual story, circulated in the neighborhood, that the blacks were on the point of rising; that "400 or 500 armed negroes were marching into town to burn the buildings and kill the people"; that a hundred negroes had been seen, "a portion armed, cleaning up everything"; that the negroes were "standing around groups of white men trying to ascertain what they were talking about"; and that the negroes were "organized over the entire country." On the circulation of these reports there was the usual excitement among the whites, who assembled from all quarters, to the number of 1,000 men, ready to sell their lives dearly; but, strange to say, the opposing negro army could not be discovered anywhere, "fourteen negroes, a portion armed," being the only trace of an African rising to be found in the country. The discovery of this foe produced no effect on the courage of the white troops, and all of the fourteen who had weapons were disarmed, only one resisting, who "came very near being shot." A great meeting was then held, and speeches were made deprecating any ill-feeling between the races and the murder of them by masked men.

It is only fair to say that the respectable people of Tennessee are as much disgusted and horrified at such outrages as this as respectable people are in any part of the country. The *Memphis Appeal*, a strong Democratic paper, says that the lynching was as unnecessary as it was barbarous, and makes the sensible observation that as the whites in Tennessee are a thousand to one in moral and physical force to the negro, and also in possession of the State and of all the machinery of government, there seems no particular reason why the present moment should be selected for subverting and defying the laws. The Governor of the State has determined, it is said, to make an example of the outlaws who did the lynching; and we can assure him that he could not do a better thing either for his party, or for the State, or for the country at large. Southerners are now making great efforts to build up the industries of their section, and what they need more than anything else is a supply of cheap labor, which they can expect to attract only by a quiet and orderly state of society. They succeed, however, about this time of year, by the help of their correlative and opposing Northern agitators—who, like Frederick Douglass, want to have an extra session of Congress called to deal with the local disturbances arising from the savage and half-civilized character of the population—in giving a picture of the country which will encourage few people to help them revive anything there. Fights like that between Jones and Bowley in South Carolina lead one-half of the North to say for themselves, There is no help for it, the South is becoming another Africa; and lynching like this in Tennessee leads the other half to the conclusion that nothing short of exterminating every one who has a shade of color in his skin will satisfy the whites.

Conventions were held last week in Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and other States. The platforms are of little interest except as they touch upon the currency and kindred questions. In Pennsylvania, the Democrats are in favor of bringing the legal-tenders to par with gold, and returning to specie payments "at the earliest possible period that resumption can be effected with safety." The Illinois Liberals and Democrats declare themselves in favor of a revenue tariff; the restoration of gold and silver "as the basis of the currency"; and of resumption at the same time laid down by the Pennsylvania Democrats; and that they are opposed to inflation and in favor of paying the national debt in the money of civilized countries. The Ohio Democrats, on the other hand, resolved "that a sound currency is indispensable to the welfare of the country"; that "its volume should be regulated by the necessities of business"; that "all laws that interfere with such natural regulations are vicious in principle and detrimental in their effects"; and announce themselves "in favor of such an increase of the circulating medium as the business interests of the country may from time to time require." They are also of opinion that one-half the customs duties should be payable in greenbacks; that the national banks should all be abolished as soon as possible, and legal-tenders substituted for the notes; that the 5-20's ought to be paid in greenbacks; and that the act of 1869, pledging payment in gold, was a "wicked sacrifice" of the interests of taxpayers. The Missouri Democrats announce the same opinion with regard to the 5-20's; favor the abolition of the national banking law, and the substitution of legal-tenders for the notes, but are plainer-spoken with regard to the intention of this scheme than their Ohio brethren, for they say that by this means \$24,000,000 annual interest will be saved to the people; they are opposed to a paper currency, and think that the way to get back to specie payments is by making legal-tenders receivable for duties on imports. The Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio Democrats stand upon the same ground, and their resolutions show that they have learned nothing from their struggles and misfortunes during the past fifteen years. The resolutions in the other States are not of much importance, and, taking them together, they cannot be said to foreshadow anything very distinct, though, as between the two parties, the Democrats make, all things considered, the worse appearance.

The Louisiana Conservatives, forming a combination of all the parties opposed to Kellogg, have held their convention, made a nomination for state treasurer, and adopted resolutions declaring the existing government a fraudulent despotism; denouncing the Radicals for inflaming the passions of the negroes against the whites, and declaring the necessity forced upon the white people of acting together "in self-defence, and for the preservation of white civilization"; that "the rights of all men under the Constitution and the laws of the land must be respected and preserved inviolate, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition." They deny that Congress has any power to pass measures making social equality between the races compulsory; disclaim any intention of violence toward the negroes; and declare that they expect the assistance of a large colored vote. They promise payment of the just, and repudiation of the dishonest and fraudulent, debts of the State, and assure their friends that all they mean to do is to secure reform by putting honest and capable white men in office. The election in Louisiana will be of a good deal of importance, as the whites and blacks are very evenly matched, and it seems quite likely that, with a fair election, a good many blacks might appear on the Conservative side. The latest news from Louisiana is of the murder of several white Republicans, near Coushatta, in cold blood.

In the Essex District in Massachusetts, General Cogswell, mayor of Salem, announces his willingness to run against Butler

for the Congressional nomination. His platform is that the Republican party must take an honest and pronounced stand on the currency question, that specie payments must be resumed as soon as possible, and that, while not insisting on any particular plan, he would oppose all postponement of a settlement of the means to be used, as he would also any inflation. He would reform the present condition of the civil service and the abuses of patronage, and on the railroad question he actually says, in so many words, that he does not believe in the recent Western legislation, but thinks it ought to be revoked, "for it is unjust to those who have in good faith invested their money in railroad enterprise." What General Butler will do in this district does not yet seem to be settled; but, whatever he does, we sincerely trust that General Cogswell's nomination may be secured.

Mr. Hugh McCulloch has written a letter on the financial question to a number of prominent citizens of Cincinnati. He recognizes the supreme importance of the adoption of a settled policy, and suggests as a practical plan of resumption, first, that Congress should fix a period, say the 1st of December, 1876—or any other date not far off—after which United States notes should cease to be a legal-tender; second, that the Secretary of the Treasury should be authorized to retire (by the use of the surplus revenue, and, if this should be insufficient, by the sale of bonds) at least \$50,000,000 of United States notes per annum, until all have been retired, and be prohibited from reissuing the notes thus retired, under any pretext or circumstances whatever; third, that in lieu of the United States notes retired, an equal amount of bank-notes, if they should be required, should be issued to national banks; fourth, that when the specie standard has been re-established by the repeal of the legal-tender acts, banking should be made free, and Congress should cease to interfere with the currency except so far as may be necessary to prevent illegal issues and to provide that the money in circulation by authority of law shall be secured beyond contingency, as is now the case, by a deposit of United States bonds in the Treasury. Mr. McCulloch, it is hardly necessary to say, is sound on the subject of repudiation.

The renomination of General Dix having apparently been decided upon by the New York Republicans, an effort is making to damage his reputation by showing that he was "mixed up" in the *Crédit-Mobilier* swindle. The facts about the connection of General Dix with the *Crédit Mobilier* seem to be these: He was at one time president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, which was certainly a misfortune, as things turned out, for anybody, but is not, so far as we understand it, yet recognized even by the strictest moralists as in itself a crime. When he left the presidency, being then Minister to France, he had an unsettled account with the Company, his salary being in arrears; and, the settlement of the matter being left in the hands of his friends, the Company liquidated their debt to him by the payment of \$50,000. While in office, he as president approved of the extension of the Hoxie contract, under which the road, or part of it, after the contract had been assigned to the *Crédit Mobilier* Company, was actually built. He never derived any benefit from the contract, nor owned any *Crédit-Mobilier* stock. The way in which these facts have been presented to the public is this: That Dix blackmailed the Company and got \$50,000 by writing a threatening letter, and that he afterwards refused to appear before the Investigating Committee—a charge which has not a shadow of foundation, inasmuch as some communications of his recently published show that he was ready, and even more than ready, to go before the committee, but they did not order him to appear.

The *Crédit-Mobilier* scandal seems now to have reached that stage in which the facts have been pretty much all forgotten, but the association of anybody's name with the investigation throws a haze over his reputation—any discrimination between innocence and guilt being at this distance of time incon-

venient and tiresome. It may, therefore, not be out of place here to say that the people who were really found guilty of heinous offences were those Congressmen who, being in a position of trust and profit with regard to the Pacific roads (*i.e.*, being members of a body from which the road really got all its aid), took an interest in a contract made by and among the directors, and involving the interest of the Government, without any proper enquiries as to its nature, and with every reason to believe, as the event showed, that they were getting an opportunity to make money out of the Government of which they were a part, solely by reason and in consideration of their position. As to General Dix, the Republicans, if they want to keep the control of the State in their hands, cannot do a better thing than make the nomination of him. Of all the politicians brought to the surface by the Reform movement, he is almost the only one who has managed to strengthen instead of impairing his good fame while in office, and he is almost the only man who, in this city, would call out what we might call the respectable and disgusted vote.

The committee of Plymouth Church has made its report on the Beecher-Tilton case, acquitting Mr. Beecher on all points. The verdict is a proper one on the evidence submitted. No tribunal could have reached any other conclusion. But the report itself makes no pretence to be judicial in tone. On the contrary, it says exactly what we might have expected certain friends of Mr. Beecher to say who had been asked by him to look into certain charges made against him by a man they despised, and who had done their work with the strongest presumptions in their pastor's favor. There is nothing surprising about this. It is what the public must have been prepared for. We are bound to say that we think they present a fair history of the case, but the summing up is that of counsel, not of a judge. The report was read to a crowded and excited meeting of the church on Friday evening, at which, after a review of some points of the case by Professor Rossiter W. Raymond, the conclusions were adopted by a unanimous vote, Moulton, the Mutual Friend, who was present, alone saying nay. He interrupted Professor Raymond by giving him the lie, and on leaving the church at the close came near being mobbed. He is, as might be expected, very angry, and is preparing another "statement," in which he promises to finish Beecher. Tilton is preparing one too, and what with these and the lawsuits the case promises to drag on until Christmas. It is of course Tilton's interest to keep it alive as long as possible, as its close will leave him in degraded obscurity, and Moulton is now so furious that he will keep on throwing mud at Beecher as long as any of it can be made to stick, but we hope the respectable papers will not give the pair any further facilities for keeping themselves before the public. Moulton's own account of his doings puts him beneath decent people's notice. We trust, too, that in any legal proceedings taken Mr. Henry C. Bowen will be somehow put into the hands of a skilful cross-examiner. The escape of this worthy thus far is one of the most discreditable features in the investigation. The temporary suspension of the business of "bringing souls to Christ," in which he says he is engaged, would be a cheap price to pay for having him turned inside out by a remorseless and practised hand in open court.

The discussion of the emigration question still continues, both in the English and in our papers. The "Bohemian" whose letters on the subject we lately noticed, and who drew such a doleful picture of his adventures in America, has been replied to from all sides, and so many of his statements have been shown to be utterly wild that his evidence must be considered worthless. The "Society of the Sons of St. George," however, at Philadelphia, have published a much-needed "caution to emigrants," in which they say that for the three months ending with the 23d of July, out of 450 applications to the Society for relief, "a large proportion have asked to be assisted to return to England, and through the kindness of two of the steamship companies the Society has been enabled to aid many to return who had nothing but want and suffering before them here."

They also say that this "applies more particularly to the great mass coming from your [English] manufacturing centres"; that the panic of last year, having paralyzed the manufacturing industry of the country, such men as these could not get any work. Farm-labor is out of the question for them, the "average English artisan" being "as helpless on American soil as he would be on an English farm." The Society declare that they are far from wishing to do anything to discourage "legitimate emigration"; indeed, they say "there is ample room for the whole of your population if they desired to come, and the country could have no better material; but 'there is a time for all things,' and the time to emigrate to America is not when all her industries are temporarily crippled by a panic so disastrous as that which began with the failure of Jay Cooke." The Society also warn intending emigrants of lying placards posted throughout England, announcing that 10,000 men are wanted to work on the Centennial building at Philadelphia at \$5 a week, the whole thing being an absolute invention. At this port the arrivals have diminished by about fifty per cent. since the panic, and very naturally.

We are very sorry to have to add even one to the list of demagogues and mountebank agitators of the labor question here and in England; but it seems that Mr. Joseph Arch is, if not to be classed with the Odgers and Bradlaughs, very much more near them in feeling than he ought to be. Mr. Arch has been one of the leading promoters of the recent farm-laborers' lockout in England which has just come to such an unfortunate termination for the men, and the result, to say the least, shows that he induced them to embark in a very ruinous enterprise, in which the strength of the respective forces was much miscalculated. This might have been an error of judgment; but the leading agitators went far beyond advising the men to hold out against their employers. They assured them that the lock-out was only the beginning of a great revolution, which would end in the land being taken away from the owners and divided among the laborers, and these tales the simple-minded people listened to with great readiness. It seems hardly credible, but since the termination of the lock-out, and the discovery that there were no more funds in the Union treasury, and that the men must migrate, emigrate, or shift for themselves, the same kind of thing is still going on; a great meeting of locked-out men has recently been addressed by Mr. Arch, who assured them "that there was no such thing as a surplus of labor on the land," that "the land would bring double the produce into the market if more labor was employed upon it," that "the root of the evil lay in the monopoly of the land," and that it was high time all the uncultivated land should be seized, so that the state could "cultivate it for the people." And all this seems to have been a perfectly satisfactory solution of the question to the men who had been just turned out of their homes through having acted in accordance with this very advice.

The condition of Sicily is causing the Italian Government much uneasiness. The island is suffering from an outbreak of the form of brigandage called *malandinaggio*, or that kind of lawlessness of which the railroad robbers in Missouri, and the gangs that formerly infested Central New York, furnish notorious examples. They plunder in the cities and in the fields, rescue any of their number who may be caught, or prevent their being brought to trial by intimidating judges and jurors. The evil has become so flagrant that the Government is urged to suspend trial by jury in the island; and it certainly appears better that the Government rather than the highwaymen themselves should suspend it. In a recent case at Palermo, where a pawnbroker's shop had been robbed, it was found impossible to go on with the trial, as a legal jury could not be obtained. Those on whom the lot fell preferred paying the fine for neglect to exposing themselves to the vengeance of the confederates of the accused. The crowd in the court-room, too, grew to be ominously large, and it was deemed prudent to search certain characters for concealed weapons. Sicily is seen to be too far behind the civilization of the best parts of the peninsula to make it possi-

ble for constitutional forms to maintain themselves there. The ignorance of the population is still, in spite of praiseworthy efforts on the part of the Government, very dense, and the influence of the priesthood as great as it is pernicious. Ecclesiastical marriages, which have no civil validity, prevail to a large extent, and the opposition to the secular administration of the kingdom shows but little sign of yielding to the advance in enlightenment and the material improvements in roads and railways. For these chronic causes of violence and sedition there is, of course, no remedy but time, patience, and education. The present disturbances call for summary measures and at least a temporary state of siege. Assassination has become alarmingly frequent in the cities.

A committee of which Dr. Döllinger is the head has appointed a convention or conference to be held at Bonn on the 14th of the present month. It will be composed of men belonging to different churches who desire "the grand future union of Christians," and who on the present occasion will examine together the formulas of faith of the early ages of the church, as well as the doctrines and institutions deemed essential in the Eastern and Western Churches prior to the separation. The object of the enquiry is not union, absorption, or fusion of the different churches, but the establishment of an ecclesiastical communion on the basis of "unity in things necessary," while preserving every peculiarity of each church not inconsistent with the substance of the ancient faith. One can hardly anticipate from such a movement any result worth the pains. There never has been, and it is safe to say that there never will be, outside of an infallible Pope, any practicable criterion for distinguishing what is particular from what is essential in church doctrine; and the historical essence, if it could be ascertained, would be about as useful in promoting Christian unity as the Sanskrit roots in furnishing a universal language for modern use. It appears, too, to be of small consequence whether common ground could be discovered on which Catholics like Dr. Döllinger, Father Hyacinthe, and his reverend brother the "little Mortara" might stand, so long as we have the scientific world not only fast settling down into Darwinism, but calmly giving ear to Tyndall's resolution of mind into matter, and matter into the only conceivable Creator of itself and of all phenomena.

A letter of Lieutenant Cameron's to Lord Derby on the East African slave-trade has been published, and is worth noting on account of the remedy which it proposes. The writer gives a minute description of the various phases of the trade between Lake Tanganyika and the sea, from which it appears that there is nobody among the inhabitants of that belt of country who does not engage in the business, either mainly or as an incident of warfare. There is even a band of runaway slaves, "who have their headquarters not very far from Ugogo," who subsist altogether by slave-trade and plunder. "With regard to its suppression," says Lieutenant Cameron, "it is and will continue an impossibility until communication with the civilized world is opened up." This could be done by means of a narrow-gauge railway constructed from Bagamoyo to Ujiji, which would encounter no engineering difficulties, and could be completed for \$4,000,000. "The present traffic on this line would pay an interest of 5 per cent.," and the business would double or treble in a few years, owing to the multiplication of articles of export. In place of ivory and slaves alone, as now, natural products like cotton, India-rubber, palm-oil, rice, grain, coffee, spices, and hides would demand transportation. The English commissioners of the road should be stationed at Mbumi and Ujiji, with a small force of Indian soldiers, and enough European subordinates to repress the slave-trade and the petty wars which foster it. A few small vessels would also be needed at Ujiji for the police of the lake. Lieutenant Cameron even goes on to predict branch lines to the Victoria Nyanza and to Ururi, and lines on the other side of Tanganyika. He will perhaps seem less of a visionary if he succeeds in proving the connection of the last-named lake with the Khedive's Nile.

CHICAGO AND THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

THE politicians of Chicago have lately had laid before them an alternative which, to judge by the discussions now going on in that city, they seem to consider of a good deal of importance. This alternative is contained in an intimation from the insurance companies doing business in the city that unless certain material alterations are made in the municipal provisions for protection against fire, the companies will withdraw in about a month, cancel all their policies, and take no more risks. Their demands upon the authorities are, among other things, that the fire limits of Chicago shall be extended and the wooden buildings in them removed, that the supply of water shall be made sufficient for any emergency, and that an efficient fire department, entirely non-political, shall be created. It is unnecessary to state that the reason of this demand on the part of the insurance companies is the fact that Chicago, since the great fire of 1871, has taken no adequate means of preventing a recurrence of such a catastrophe, and the proof of this is to be found in the recent conflagration there, which destroyed several millions of property, and was only prevented by pure accident from going through the entire city, as the earlier one did. Under these circumstances, the insurance companies have naturally become timid. They maintain with considerable force that if the business of insurance is to be carried on at a profit, it is necessary that the insured property shall not in all cases be burned to the ground. What the city of Chicago will do about the matter seems not as yet decided. The politicians are divided, some of them favoring an immediate compliance with the companies' demands, others maintaining that these demands are only another instance of the arrogance of capital; that the best thing for the city would be to show, once for all, its independence; and that it is a matter of indifference to Chicago whether they go or not, for Chicago would "insure herself," if they all went. Exactly what is meant by Chicago "insuring herself" is not explained, and, indeed, as the city has been built up by Eastern capital, and the prevailing rate of interest on loans secured by real estate there is ten per cent., it seems unlikely that there is any large amount of capital lying idle which might be profitably employed in insurance of property regarded by Eastern capitalists as extra-hazardous. This view, indeed, is that held by the property-owners, who are strongly in favor of complying at once with the demands of the insurance companies.

The business of protection against fire throughout the United States has since the beginning of the Government been in the hands of a person who is fond of describing himself as the Practical Man. The book-worm, the closet-thinker, the pedant, and the critic have had little or nothing to do with it. What has been learnt in the United States about protection against fire has wholly come from experience of a rather bitter and dismal kind. Almost as soon as it was settled that "this should be a government of divided powers—co-ordinate, yet each independent in its own sphere," the system of volunteer fire departments was organized in all the large and growing towns. These volunteer fire departments—which consisted of "practical" but perfectly untrained men, called together on occasions of necessity and emergency—did very well so long as no very complicated difficulties arose. In thinly-peopled towns where the houses were low, far apart, and so almost protected by nature, this sort of fire militia was no doubt of great service, and did whatever was needed. But in the crowded cities, into which these towns presently began to change, the case was quite different. There the dense packing of the houses, the tremendous draughts furnished by the streets, and the complications introduced by modern improvements, such as elevators, in the houses and stores themselves, soon made protection against fire a complicated question, and one that needed, in order to be properly dealt with, a high degree of almost military organization, strict subordination, special training, and professional devotion. The volunteer firemen, therefore, became every year more and more useless, and every year they converted their excursions to fires into midnight orgies, frequently ending in faction fights; and the men, instead of becoming more and more devoted to their business, became more and

more devoted to politics. As the fire companies became more and more useless, however, the belief in their virtues became among the Practical Men and politicians more and more profound, and about the time that experience had conclusively proved them utterly worthless, the Practical Man had convinced himself that they were one of the finest institutions of this or any country, and on public occasions he usually referred to them as a sort of bulwark of liberty like the trial by jury or habeas corpus. The legend about the institution even penetrated into foreign countries, as any one may satisfy himself by reading that amusing parody of American life, Laboulaye's 'Paris in America.'

By-and-by, however, the unpractical people who happened to live in the large cities discovered to their amazement and dismay, what might have been easily found out before by studying the history of protection against fire in other countries, that the "boys," instead of doing any good by running with the "machine," were making themselves a nuisance, and by their riotous, undisciplined behavior and lack of knowledge, and their frivolous way of treating the very grave charge they undertook, were a source to the cities they nominally protected of almost more danger than if they had no protection at all. The first step, therefore, in fire reform was the abolition of the volunteers and the creation of paid fire departments, utterly free from political interference, officered by responsible and trained men, and with the subordinates under a semi-military discipline, certain of promotion for good behavior, and of degradation for bad; and this step was made after much opposition and resistance from the Practical Men.

We believe we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the cities which since the volunteer period ended have been proved to be most secure from fire have been those in which this new régime has been most thoroughly and in good faith adopted. Any one who has looked into the subject at all knows that Portland, Boston, and Chicago had at the time of their great fires as bad fire systems as any in the country. New York, bad as most of its government undoubtedly has been, probably has had, till lately, the best. It cannot be questioned, either, that Chicago has had an opportunity within the last four years of discovering what its deficiencies were in these respects, and remedying them. But Chicago is one of the great headquarters in modern times of the Practical Man. There is, perhaps, no place of an equal population which contains so many men who have made their fortunes by a sharp look-out for the chances of a rise or fall in the market from day to day, without the slightest regard to ulterior conditions. The Practical Man who has settled in this great commercial centre is full of energy, full of perseverance, and always sanguine of success, and, in fact, has always been in the habit of laughing at any one who warned him of any danger to his future from any quarter. He was among the people, too, who were always confident that "what the politicians did" made no sort of difference, that if they did anything very mischievous the people would be sure to rise in their might and make them do right, and that, whatever might happen, it would "all come out right in the end."

It would appear that this plain, practical, common-sense way of looking at things the Chicagoans have applied to the question of protection against fire as well as to everything else; and, so far as can be made out, they have built up the city since the great conflagration of 1871 in very much the same condition in which the fire found it, and that their fire department is in much the same condition in which it would have been had they never heard of the fires in Boston or Portland. There has been no protection by means of open squares, and the department is as much in politics as it ever was, and because the department is in politics the city is partly composed of highly inflammable structures, put up and inhabited by the constituents of the men whose votes are necessary for their removal; and they have just had a second fire which has destroyed several more millions of property, and caused the insurance companies to threaten to cease doing business in the city.

It must be confessed that the Practical Man has, on the whole, made a bad record for himself with regard to protection against

fire. Within the past five years he has managed, by letting politics take care of themselves, to destroy as much property in the United States as would have been lost in a good-sized war. The critic, on the other hand, has had the best of the argument, and, unlike most prophets of evil, has had his predictions of disaster verified almost as they were uttered. We may say in conclusion, that we have no doubt that the Chicago authorities will now learn wisdom and accede to the demands of the insurance companies. It seems almost incredible that they should not. But it also seems almost incredible that they should have been so blind to the consequences of their own acts as they have been. The rest of the country has many interests centred at Chicago, which cannot be long submitted to a Fourth-of-July recklessness, established there as a principle of government. What with the railroads, that have built up Chicago, threatened on the one hand with robbery by the farmers, and the politicians of the city gravely discussing whether they will allow the property-holders to obtain insurance or not, we seem to have reached a point at which even the most Practical Man of them all must find time to ask himself whether he really is the finest product of civilization, or whether he is not capable, even in this most flourishing country and in this most flourishing age, of bringing disaster and ruin upon his foolish head by his extravagant and impudent conceit.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT.

THE discussion which always goes on in the newspapers during the summer as to the merits of the various places of retreat or amusement which the country affords the tired business man and his family, has this year brought to light some new facts about internal village economy in certain parts of the country which have attracted, as they deserved, a good deal of attention. It does not seem to have been generally known, to judge at least from the way the matter is referred to—as if it were a complete novelty—that now for a good many years in many of the villages in New England a vigorous attempt has been made by voluntary associations to render the villages in question attractive and pleasing to the eye, by the planting of trees and shrubs, the maintenance of orderly-looking and neat town-ways, and by infusing into the minds of the inhabitants a pride in the appearance and reputation of their town. How far the movement has extended it is difficult to tell, but there has been enough of this kind of æsthetic reform to attract much attention and serve as a good example. It is noticeable that this village-improvement ardor appears to have seized upon the minds of the rural innovators at about the same time that all the large cities in the United States began to consider the question of parks and of suburban improvement. There is no great difference, except the important one of magnitude, between the two schemes; it is not unfair to consider them together as a general indication of the rapid advance of the country in taste, and in that appreciation of the beautiful which has certainly been most sadly needed.

These village associations have one remarkable feature in common—that they are voluntary. In no case that we have seen has any attempt been made to use the town organization for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the society. If we were to make predictions on such a subject, we should undoubtedly look to see the improvements being made by the town organization itself, through the political machinery of which it is already in possession, and through which it has locally all necessary power. But we find, on the contrary, in all these cases that the voluntary associates have as little as possible to do with politics, and avoid as far as they can all connection with the regular machinery of town-meetings, assessors, and tax-collectors. The town, of course, in many cases carries on improvements of its own, renews bridges, subscribes for stock in railroads, or builds drains, but in all this they have no legal or substantial connection with the improvement reformers. So that, in those towns in which this beautification movement is in full force, we have two bodies at work, both directed theoretically to the same end—the benefit of the community; but one acting by the direction

of the town itself, the other acting of its own motion, like a private corporation—an extra-legal town within a legal town. It would seem natural, perhaps, that one of these organizations should swallow up the other, but, as it is, they both go on side by side, one attending to the routine laid down for it in the statutes of the State, the other inventing and performing its own self-imposed duties as they from time to time suggest themselves.

If we look further into these villages, we shall find what is perhaps one explanation of this division of labor. Any one would naturally imagine, in communities so much interested in self-improvement, that the general political tone was high; that these were the old democratic communities of New England of which we have heard so much; that here at least town government had remained in a pure and sound state—the people really electing the best men to office, and controlling them with a vigorous public opinion. If, however, you make enquiries into the political condition of the village, you will be told that it is not by any means perfect, and, on pursuing your investigation further, you will very likely find that the people speak of the politicians of the place much as any one in New York would speak of Tweed or Sweeny; that they will assure you of the existence of a corrupt “ring,” interested in jobs of all kinds, will point out some bridge or piece of canal that is well known to have been fraudulently enhanced in cost by the politicians who managed the contract; and will very likely end by giving you an amusing account of the device by which the town treasurer made use of his balances to build the neat-looking cottage which is attracting your attention on the other side of the way.

With the causes of the political decline in town life we have been made familiar by the discussions in the newspapers. We know very well how it is that, what with the emigration of large numbers of the young and able-bodied men to the West, the influx of the nomadic, ignorant foreign population has made the so-called “declining towns” of the older parts of the country the ideal home of the smaller and more disreputable politician, who by means of an ignorant laboring vote is able during ordinary times to keep control of the local machinery, and, by not committing any very outrageous or prominent crime, to feather his nest very comfortably. On the other hand, it is equally evident from such movements for local improvement as we hear of from time to time, if indeed we did not know it from other evidence, that there is a vast amount of energy, public spirit, and a genuine desire for a more pleasing and wholesome civilization than rural life commonly affords; and that, if it could only be set in motion, very important steps might be made in advance.

There is only one direction in which we can look for assistance, and fortunately it is the one from which assistance is apparently coming. What is wanted in the “declining towns” of the older parts of the country is the establishment of a class of responsible land-owners, fastened to the soil by interest and affection, and forced by their circumstances to take an active part in the local affairs. That there is a good deal of reason to believe in the appearance of such a class of people in the older parts of this country there can be little doubt. The steady creation of wealth, and the necessity of employing it, the overcrowding of professional life in the cities, and the natural attraction for a country life felt by all people of our race, make it not only possible but highly probable that year by year many of the small farms of the East will gradually be swallowed up in large farms, of one kind or another, and that the owners will in course of time acquire that sense of responsibility which long ownership and a complete identification of interest give. We may see this process now going on in New England. The change will have, among other good results, the effect of making the work of the individual reformer easier than it now is. It is not the influence of wealth and property in politics, but its illegitimate influence, that is to be deprecated. At present, in the cities, the system of municipal government in vogue takes away political weight from the man of wealth, position, and education. He is made to submit to and govern himself

by laws which he has no hand in making, and which are passed frequently as a bid for the vote of a part of the population whose interests are diametrically opposed to his. The consequence is that he is tempted to gain the ends fraudulently which he cannot secure by fair means. He is overtaxed, and despairing of any equal taxation he gets rid of his taxes by bribery, by having a friend in the board of assessors, by applying to corrupt courts to have assessments set aside, and so on; and in this way he in the end secures his object, but at what a cost! In the country, however, there is not generally this division of interest. In the country, the great foundation of all interest is the land: he who owns the most land is the best man—most respected, most feared, and most followed. Taxes are light because great public enterprises are unnecessary, and most of all because the taxes must in the country be voted by those who pay them. For this reason it is that in rural communities there is a real opportunity for men of means and education who desire the public good, to obtain lasting influence and power. At present, owing to the changing and unsettled character of the population, these local governments are corruptly used, but we believe reform will be made easier by the very change its elf.

A LESSON FOR SENTIMENTALISTS.

IT would be a pity if the public disgust with what has been going on over in Brooklyn, or public weariness of the pros and cons of the Tilton-Beecher case, should prevent some of its more obvious lessons from being laid to heart. The first thing which strikes one in the letters, "statements," "confessions," and other documents of the parties to the affair, is the extraordinary use made by them of the English language. In their hands, it seems almost to lose the character of an instrument for the expression of definite propositions—or, in other words, for the communication by one human being to another of formulated thought—and becomes a mere mode of indicating certain states of feeling, like the noises made by the lower animals. On reading their compositions, one has to guess at what they really mean, the only thing certain being that they are either happy or miserable, just as when a dog howls or barks we know that he is either glad or sorry or angry, but cannot well make out what he would like to have us do. They resemble the lower animals, too, very strikingly in the absence from their minds of all gradations of feeling, and of all reserve in their intercourse with each other. They seem to have no more power of pursuing a middle course, of making distinctions and allowances, of adapting their expression to circumstances, than our humble friends of the kennel and stable. They pass from the extreme of violent love and admiration to the fiercest hatred and malignity. Tilton, for instance, will one day call Bowen "a great and good man," and the next denounce him as the prince of evil, with no more bashfulness or sense of absurdity than a horse would have in kicking the mate he had just neighed for and run after. They embrace men whose acquaintance they have only just made as if they were friends of their youth, and call people by their Christian name almost at the first interview, so that you can infer nothing from their language as to the real length or nature of their relations with anybody. Mr. Beecher addresses Moulton, who was an avowed "heathen," and a Butlerite heathen to boot—and whom he *knew*, in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used, only very slightly—in terms of affection which leave him (Mr. Beecher) absolutely no means of describing his feelings towards a lifelong, trusted, and dearly loved associate belonging to his own church. The separation between religion and morality in the minds of many Sentimentalists, which often seems so shocking to outsiders, and of which this Brooklyn case furnishes so many examples, is often only apparent, and the appearance of it is due to their loose way of talking. Their extravagance of speech often leads people to infer that they hold opinions and cherish feelings which they really do not profess, and if questioned closely would not pretend to profess. They, therefore, often seem hypocrites when they really are not. Much of their religious phraseology, for instance, taken coldly and literally, ought to indicate an abiding sense of God's presence, which should keep them from the grosser forms of wrong-doing at least; but we see them use this phraseology one minute with great unction and tell barefaced lies the very next; and it in reality indicates merely a mushy, spasmodic, and for the most part feeble desire to be better men and women than they are. It is, in short, an expression of moods rather than of purposes, and they resort to it somewhat as an Italian takes up a violin, as a vent for feeling.

The most curious and illustrative phenomenon in their recent history has

undoubtedly been the rise of Woodhull into prominence, and with some of them even into influence. This woman, before her appearance on the surface, had been the keeper of a disreputable house and a fortune-teller in Chicago; under ordinary circumstances, she would have been received in New York nowhere out of Greene Street; but when she came on here she found the Sentimentalists in a state of mind that made her rise into eminence among a portion of them easy and rapid, and finally enabled her to secure the services of a Sentimentalist editor as a biographer, and actually gave her, in the eyes of some of them, the position of a martyr, even though they did not share what they called her "opinions." It was in this character that she, we have been informed, came near getting an invitation to unpack her stock of "truths" before the Boston Radical Club. This state of mind was the direct result of a false analogy, a species of error which is constantly bringing Sentimentalism to grief. The imaginations of most of them were profoundly impressed by the anti-slavery agitation, especially by the contrast offered by its brilliant and dramatic close to its arduous and unpromising beginning. Now, the most striking thing in its history, as well as in the history of two other great movements—Christianity and the Reformation—was that doctrines which were first preached by a small body of reviled and persecuted men, and were held in detestation by what is called the respectable portion of society, finally convulsed the state, and triumphed over all opposition. The reasons of this success in all the three cases are, of course, to be found in the character of the doctrines and in the social and political conditions in which they made their appearance. The early insignificance of the Apostles, and the contempt and hostility with which they were at first received, are only secondary incidents, which account for nothing, explain nothing, and offer no materials for predicting the final results. The vast majority of strange doctrines preached by odious men have vanished from the world without leaving a trace on the surface of human affairs; and one needed neither great learning nor ability, nor anything but a stock of plain common-sense, to see that when a strumpet began to preach fornication as an instrument of social regeneration, the disgust of the public indicated, not that she might turn out to be a Luther or Savonarola or Garrison in disguise, but that she would probably and deservedly be put in jail for indecency. The Sentimentalists, however, had not as much common-sense as the occasion called for, and were rather startled by her appearance, and some of them began to ponder her dirty gospel with amazing seriousness. She took rank among the reformers, and made her way in this city into a not very savory locality, described by the reporters of the Brooklyn case by the term "inner suffrage circles," and actually got a nomination for the Presidency from the more crazy ones before her downfall.

For a while, all went on swimmingly. She used the proper reform phraseology, and seemed to be thoroughly in earnest, and was heartily persecuted by society. Hotels would not receive her; she could not hire a house; and no decent man would preside at her lectures. This, combined with the fact that she wanted to "emancipate" somebody, was opposed to "bonds," and was waging war against long-established usages, was all that was needed in a good many Sentimentalist eyes to entitle her to a respectful hearing. She ought not, they thought, to be "crushed" or "choked down." It was best that she should be allowed to utter what was in her. At this point another Sentimentalist illusion came to her aid—viz., that propositions which people do not want to listen to are probably "truths," and the more precious because "unpopular truths." Let any earnest body begin saying things which people find unpleasant, and his wares are at once put in the same category with Kepler's laws or Harvey's discovery, without any examination of their quality or composition. So Woodhull found herself for a while peddling goods which some people thought were "truths," and others thought might be "truths," and accordingly ought to be handled reverently. She was to be listened to, also, in the interest of liberty, which, according to many Sentimentalists, is a good in itself and not a means towards the attainment of good. Any sort of antics which show you are "free" are valuable, and ought not to be repressed.

The whole affair from first to last is a most impressive reminder of the value of reasonableness and sober-mindedness; of, in short, the necessity of cultivating, not the faculties we possess in common with the brutes, but those which differentiate us from the brutes. The family, the church, and the state are all best saved and defended, not by animal credulity, illogicality, impulsiveness, recklessness, but by human perception, discrimination, and forethought. The enthusiasm of the Puritans founded states, changed forms of government, and influenced the destiny of mankind, while the enthusiasm of an Irish clan usually produces nothing more lasting than a riot. The first duty of everybody is to cultivate habits of accurate speech and of sober discrimination, of honest respect for facts, and of reverence for the efforts heretofore made by the race to which he belongs towards right living.

IN BELGIUM.

OSTEND, August 14.

BELGIUM, in most itineraries, is visited conjointly with Holland. This is all very well so long as Belgium is visited first; and my advice to travellers who relish a method in their emotions is in this region to reverse the plan which is generally most judicious, and proceed in all confidence from south to north. Passing from the Low Countries into Flanders, you come back into the common world again—into a picturesque phase of it, certainly, and a country rich in architectural and artistic treasures. But you miss that something, individual and exquisite, which forms the charm of Holland, and of which, during the last forty-eight hours of my stay there (it seems a part of the delicacy of all things that one calculates one's stay in the little Dutch garden by hours), my impression became singularly deep. It has become deeper still in retrospect, as such things do, and there are moments when I feel as if in coming away I had wantonly turned my back upon the abode of tranquil happiness. I keep seeing a green canal with a screen of thin-stemmed trees on one side of it, and a foot-path, not at all sinuous, on the other. Beside the foot-path is a red-brick wall, superstitiously clean, and if you follow it a little while you come to a large iron gate flanked with high posts, with balls on top. Although the climate is damp, the ancient iron-work of the gate has not a particle of rust, and its hinges, as you turn it, are in perfect working order. Beyond it is a garden planted with tulips of a hundred kinds, and in the middle of the garden is a pond. Over the pond is stretched, from edge to edge, a sort of trellis of tense cord, which at first excites your surprise. In a moment, however, you perceive the propriety of the pond's being carefully guarded, for its contents are singularly precious. They consist of an immense number of gigantic water-lilies, sitting motionless among their emerald pads, and of a brilliancy and softness which makes you fancy they are modelled in wax; of a thousand little gold-fishes, of so deep a crimson that they look as if they were taken out every morning and neatly varnished over with a fine brush; and, lastly, of a majestic swan, of the purest porcelain. About the swan there is no doubt; he is of the finest Dutch delf—a substance which at a certain distance looks as well as flossy feathers, and has the advantage that a creature composed of it cannot circulate to the detriment of varnished fishes and waxen lilies. I do not know how this pond looks on paper, but in nature, if we may call it nature, it was delicious. There was a skyful of rolling gray clouds, with two or three little patches of blue, and over the tulip-beds there played a little cool breeze, with its edge just blurred by dampness. Under the trees was just one bench, but it was strictly sufficient.

I must not linger on Dutch benches, however, with all the art-wealth of Flanders awaiting me. I have by no means in fact examined it all, and have had to pay the tourist's usual tribute to reluctant omission. In such cases, if you are travelling *con amore*, the things omitted assume to the mind's eye a kind of mocking perfection, and the dozen successes of your journey seem a small compensation for this fatal failure. There is a certain little *hôtel de ville* at Louvain and a cathedral at Tournay which make a delicious figure in the excellent hand-book of M. Du Pays; but I hasten to declare that I have not seen them, and am well aware that my observations are by so much the less valuable. I first made acquaintance with Belgium, however, through the cathedral of Antwerp, and this is a first-rate introduction. I went into it of a Sunday morning during mass, and immediately perceived that I was in a sturdily Catholic country. The immense edifice was crowded with worshippers, and their manner was much more *receuilli*, as the phrase is, than that of the faithful in Italian churches. This too in spite of the fact that the great Rubenses were unveiled in honor of the day, so that all the world might behold them gratis. To be *receuilli* in the presence of a Rubens seems to me to indicate the real devotional temperament. The crowd, the Rubenses, the atmosphere, and the presence of some hundred or so of dear fellow-tourists was rather hostile to tranquil appreciation, so that at first I saw little in the cathedral of Antwerp to justify its great reputation. But I came back in the late afternoon, at that time which a wise man will always choose for visiting (finally at least) a great church—the half-hour before it closes. The Rubenses, those monstrous flowers of art, had folded their gorgeous petals; but this I did not regret, as I had been in the interval to the Museum, where there are a dozen more, and I had drifted to a conclusion. The church was empty, or filled only with the faded light and its own immense solemnity. It is very magnificent, not duskily nor mysteriously so, but with a vast, simple harmony which, like all great things, grows and grows as you observe it. Its length is extraordinary, and it has the peculiarity, unique in my observations, of possessing no less than six aisles, besides the nave. Its height is in harmony with these splendid proportions, and it gave me altogether (I do not know the literal measurements) an almost unequalled impression of vastness. Externally, its great tower, of the most florid and flamboyant, the most embroidered and perforated Gothic, is one of the few worthy rivals of the peerless steeple of Strassburg.

The Antwerp Museum is very handsomely housed, and has an air of opulence very striking after the meagre and dusky contrivances in this line of thrifty Holland. But there is logic in both cases. You bend your nose over a Gerard Dow and use a magnifying glass; whereas, the least that can be done by the protectors of Rubens's glory is to give you a room in which you can stand twenty yards from the canvas. I may say directly that even at twenty yards Rubens gave me less pleasure than I had hoped. I say hoped rather than expected, for I was already sufficiently familiar with him to have felt the tendency of my impressions, and yet I had fancied that in the atmosphere in which he wrought, in the city of which he is the *genius loci*, they might be diverted into the channel of sympathy. But they followed their own course, and I can express them only by saying that the painter does not please me. If Rubens does not please you, what is left?—for I find myself utterly unable to perceive in him a trace of that intellectual impressiveness claimed by some of his admirers. I read a while since a charming book in which an acute French critic, M. Emile Montégut, records his impressions of Belgium and Holland, and this work was partly responsible for my supposition that I should find more in the author of the "Descent from the Cross" collectively, at Antwerp, than I had found in him, individually, at London, Paris, and Florence. M. Montégut, I say, is acute, and the number of things his acuteness finds in Rubens it would take up all my space to recount. According to him, Rubens was not only one of the greatest of mere painters, but he was the greatest genius who ever thought, brush in hand. The answer to this seems simple: Rubens, to my sense, absolutely did not think. He not only did not think greatly, but he did not think at all. M. Montégut declares that he was a great dramatist superadded to a great painter, and calls upon the people of Antwerp to erect to him in the market-place a colossal monument (the one already standing there will do, it seems to me) and inscribe upon the pedestal his title to the glory of having carried his art beyond its traditional limits, and produced effects generally achieved only by the highest dramatic poetry. If the great painter of rosy brawn had had half his commentator's *finesse*, he would have been richly endowed. M. Montégut finds, among other things, unutterable meanings in the countenance of the Abyssinian king who is looking askance at the Virgin in the "Adoration" of the Antwerp Museum. I remembered them so well that, in leaving the cathedral, I hurried to commune with this masterpiece of expressiveness. I recommend him to the reader who may next pass that way. Let him tell me, from an unbiassed mind, how many supplementary emotions he finds reflected in the broad concupiscence of the monarch's black visage. I was disappointed; dramatists of the first order are rare, and here was one the less. If Rubens is anywhere dramatic, in the finer sense of the term, it is in his masterpiece, the "Descent from the Cross," of the cathedral; of all his pictures, this one comes the nearest to being impressive. It is superbly painted, and on the whole very noble; but it is only a happier specimen of the artist's habitual manner—painting by improvisation, not by reflection. Besides the Rubenses at Antwerp, I have seen several others. Those at Brussels, unfortunately, with most of their companions of the Flemish school, have been now some two years invisible. They are being restored; but one is curious to see the effect of two years' refreshment upon the native robustness of most Rubenses. I need not speak of these various productions in detail; some are better, some are worse, all are powerful, and all, on the whole, are irritating. They all tell the same story—that the artist had in a magnificent degree the painter's temperament, without having in anything like a proportionate degree the painter's mind. When one, therefore, says that he was perfectly superficial, one indicates a more fatal fault than in applying the same term to many a more delicate genius. What makes Rubens irritating is the fact that he always *might* have been more interesting. Half the conditions are there—vigor, facility, color, the prodigious impulse of genius. Nature has given them all, and he holds the other half in his own hands. But just when the others should appear and give the picture that stamp which draws from us, over and above our relish of the natural gift, a certain fine sympathy with the direction it takes, Rubens uncloses his careless grasp, and drops them utterly out of sight. He never approaches something really fine but to miss it; he never attempts a really interesting effect but to vulgarize it. Our deepest interest, as to an artist, depends on the way he deliberates and chooses. Everything up to that point may be superb, but we care for him with a certain affection only when we feel him responsibly selecting among a number of possibilities. This sensible, intellectual pulsation often gives a charm to the works of painters to whom nature has been anything but liberal, and the great limitation of Rubens is that in him one never perceives it. He takes what comes, and if it happens to be really pictorial, he has a singular faculty of suggesting that there is no merit in his having taken it. He never waits to choose; he never pauses to deliberate; and one may say, vulgarly, he throws away his oranges when he has given them but a single squeeze. The foolish fellow does not know how sweet they are! One ends, in a man-

ner, by disliking his real gifts. A little less facility, we call out, a shade or so less color, a figure or so the fewer traced in, a bosom or two less glowingly touched; only something once in a while to arrest us, with the thought that it has arrested you!

Almost as noteworthy as anything else in the Antwerp Museum is the title of a picture by Titian, of average Titianesque merit. It is worth transcribing for its bizarre conflict of suggestions: "John, Bastard of Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, husband, by her first marriage, of Lucretia Borgia, and then Bishop of Paphos and Admiral of the Pontifical Galleys, is presented to St. Peter by the Pope Alexander VI." Add to this that St. Peter is seated upon a fragment of antique sculpture, surrounded by a frieze representing a pagan sacrifice! Even that harshly sincere genius, Quentin Matsys, who shines hard by in a brilliantly pure piece of coloring, can hardly persuade us that we are in simple Flanders, and not in complex Italy.

It often happens in travelling that places turn out to be less curious than we had supposed, but it is a comparatively rare fortune to find them more so. And yet this was my luck with Brussels, a city of which my imagination had made so light that it hung by a hair whether I should go there or not. It is generally spoken of by its admirers as a miniature Paris, and I always viewed it with that contempt with which a properly-regulated mind regards those shabby, pirated editions of the successful French books of the day which are put forth in Belgium. These ill-conditioned little volumes are miniature Victor Hugos and Michelets. But Brussels should ask to be delivered from its friends. It is not a miniature anything, but a very solid and extensive old city, with a physiognomy and character quite its own. It is very much less elegant than the Paris of the last twenty years; but it is decidedly more picturesque. Paris has nothing to compare for quaintness of interest with the Brussels Hôtel de Ville, and the queer old carved and many-windowed houses which surround the square. The Hôtel de Ville is magnificent, and its beautiful Gothic belfry gives, in quite another line, an equal companion in one's memory to the soaring campanile of the palace of the Signory at Florence. Few cities have a cathedral in so impressive a position as St. Gudule—on a steep hill-top, with a long flight of steps at the base of its towers; and few cities, either, have so charming a public garden as the Parc. There is something peculiarly picturesque in that high-in-the-air look of the Parc as you glance from end to end of its long alleys, and see the sky beneath the arch of the immense trees meeting the bend of the path. All this part of Brussels, and the wide, windy Place Royale, handsome as the handsome was understood fifty years ago, has an extreme brightness and gaiety of aspect which is yet quite distinct from the made-to-order brilliancy of the finest parts of renovated Paris. The Brussels Museum of pictures is admirably arranged; but, unfortunately, as I have said, only half of it is now accessible. This, however, contains some gems of the Dutch school—among them a picture by Steen, representing a lad coming into a room to present a fish to a ruddy virago who sits leering at him. The young man, for reasons best known to himself, is sticking out his tongue, and these reasons, according to M. Montégut, are so numerous and so recondite that I should like the downright old caricaturist himself to have heard a few of them. I wonder where *his* tongue would have gone.

Ghent I found to be an enormous, empty city, with an old Flemish gable-end peeping here and there from its rows of dull, white houses, and various tall and battered old church-towers looking down over deserted sunny squares. In the very middle of all this, in the stately church of St. Bavon, is the great local treasure, the "Adoration of the Lamb," by the brothers Van Eyck. This is not only one of the pictures of Ghent, but one of the pictures of the world. It represents a large daisied meadow shut in with a great flaming tangle of hedges, out of which emerge various saints of either sex, carrying crowns and palms. In front are two other groups of apostles and prophets, all kneeling and worshipping. In the middle is an altar, surmounted with the fleecy symbol of the Word, and surrounded with a ring of adoring angels. Behind is a high horizon of blue mountains, and the silhouettes of three separate fantastic cities, all apparently composed of church-towers. The picture is too perfect for praise; the coloring seems not only not to have lost but actually to have been intensified and purified by time. One may say the same of the precious Memlings at Bruges—and this is all I may say of that drowsy little city of grassy streets, and colossal belfries, and sluggish canals, and picturesque memories.

Correspondence.

THE LYING IN THE "SCANDAL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is not often that your paper lacks perspicuity, but your article on "Moulton's Story" I cannot understand fully. Last week, reviewing Mr.

Beecher's Statement, you said not guilty; this week, reviewing "Moulton's Story," you say "it adds nothing to the testimony against Beecher, nor anything which Beecher's Statement does not seem sufficient to explain except Moulton's assertion, etc." Closing, you say "the lying in every direction seems, etc.," and "it has come to be a conflict of veracity between people whose moral standard is not that of respectable men."

As, according to your own showing, it is now either "Moulton's assertion" or "Beecher's assertion," do we understand you give up faith in Mr. Beecher, and include him among those whose "moral standard, etc.," and, as the lying is tremendous in every direction, you also believe Beecher lies? I cannot understand what you mean, and would like to.

With respect,

J. A. WALKER.

AUGUST 27, 1874.

[Our phrase was certainly loose and careless, but was born of increasing disgust. We did not intend to include Mr. Beecher among the "liars." The charge of "unblushing and tremendous lying" we only intended to bring against those actors in the affair who are liars on their own showing, and in this category we place Tilton and his wife, Moulton, and "Bessie." Mr. Beecher may, humanly speaking, as they say in Brooklyn, have been guilty of falsehood, but it does not appear on the surface. He has not contradicted himself, or told two different tales about the same transaction. If he has told a lie, it is about the central fact of the case, and on this point there is nothing against him, thus far, except Moulton's and Tilton's assertions, they having, judiciously or injudiciously, destroyed Mrs. Tilton's "confession." At the same time, in a conflict of veracity between Beecher and Moulton, we are prevented from ruling Moulton out and accepting Beecher's assertions as final on points on which Moulton has not shaken his own credibility, by the fact that, so late as July 13, Beecher maintained his confidence in him and expressed it.—ED. NATION.]

THE CHENEY DECISION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two points of more than general interest were decided by Judge Williams in the recent litigation in the Circuit Court of Cook County, involving the status of Rev. Dr. Cheney.

The first of these was as to the extent to which civil courts will go in examining into ecclesiastical proceedings; the second, as to the powers inherent in the office of a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

Rev. Mr. Cheney was put upon his trial for the alleged offence of leaving a word out of the prescribed office for the administration of Infant Baptism, in July, 1869, before an ecclesiastical tribunal of five of his brother clergymen, selected by himself, or the Standing Committee for him, out of a list of eight furnished by the Bishop of Illinois, in accordance with the provisions in that regard of the Diocesan Canon.

An injunction against further proceedings was granted by the Superior Court of Chicago upon grounds not now necessary to be adverted to, and the trial suspended until January, 1871, when the injunction was dissolved, and Mr. Cheney's bill dismissed by the Supreme Court of Illinois. In the meantime, one of the five presbyters constituting the ecclesiastical court had been consecrated Bishop of Arkansas, and was disqualified from sitting. When, therefore, in February, the trial was resumed, but four members of the former tribunal assembled. The accused, through his counsel, protested that the court as such had ceased to exist, and that the four gentlemen had no power to try in the premises—in other words, had no jurisdiction. The trial, nevertheless, was proceeded with, and resulted in a finding of guilt and a sentence of suspension, which sentence having been pronounced and disregarded, Mr. Cheney was again impleaded for such violation of the sentence, and, being tried and found guilty, was sentenced to deposition. The case just decided was a bill in equity to enjoin the wardens and vestry of Mr. Cheney's parish from employing and paying him, the gravamen of the bill being the alleged deposition. The legality of both the sentences was therefore in issue.

Had the civil court the right to investigate and determine the question of the validity of the sentences?

The language of the opinion pronounced by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the celebrated case of *Watson v. Jones* (13th

Wallace) justified the complainant's counsel in contending that the decision of an ecclesiastical court as to *its own jurisdiction* was as conclusive upon the civil courts as its decision upon any other matter in controversy before it, and this position was further fortified by the opinion of the Supreme Court of Illinois in *Chase v. Cheney*, in which it was stated: "It is conceded that where jurisdiction attaches, the judgment of the church court is conclusive as to purely ecclesiastical offences. It should be *equally conclusive* upon doubtful and technical questions involving a criticism of the canons, *even though* they might comprise jurisdictional facts."

This proposition was criticised by the *Nation* (Jan.-Feb. 1871) as inaccurate at the time the opinion was published. Judge Williams, however, held that the sentences of church courts were entitled to no higher authority than those of other courts, and that their jurisdiction as to the person and the subject-matter must necessarily be open to scrutiny; that in the case before him the question of jurisdiction was simply a naked question of power, a question of *its existence* uncomplicated with any enquiry as to *its exercise*; and that, "to establish the doctrine that church courts shall, *in all cases*, be the sole judges of their jurisdiction, would not only be to give them precedence in this regard over all civil courts, but to yield them powers dangerous in the extreme to civil liberty."

The conclusion reached, though apparently obvious enough, and sustained by a long line of authority in England and Scotland, has, nevertheless, been considerably obscured in this country by the loose language used by learned judges in the delivery of opinions in this class of cases.

The second noticeable ruling by Judge Williams relates to the inherent powers of a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and arose in this way. Conceding for the sake of the argument that Mr. Cheney had never had a canonical or any trial, it was contended that the sentence of his bishop was nevertheless practically conclusive upon him—practically conclusive because, although such sentence might be voidable, there was no church judicatory or authority by which it could be set aside. This position rested upon the proposition that by the ecclesiastical common law the power of discipline to the extent even of deposition inhered in the office of a bishop, that such power was neither conferred nor could be taken away by the church, and that hence, deposition without trial, even though the latter were prescribed by the constitution and canons, would present the case of a defective exercise of power, and not the want of it, and would, therefore, be voidable and not absolutely void. Upon this branch of the case a large amount of evidence was taken, embracing the depositions of Judge Hoffman, Bishops Whitehouse, Odenheimer, Vail, Whittle, Kip, Cummins, Drs. Goodwin, Fulton, Seymour, Tyng, Nicholson, Chase, Locke, and others.

Judge Williams held that it seemed to be the universally accepted doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America that a power of government and discipline inheres in the office of a bishop, but that, as the law of that church now existed, the power in question was not held to be arbitrary and absolute. Assuming that, in the time of Cyprian, bishops claimed and exercised the power of condemning and sentencing offenders of their own volition and without the intervention of ecclesiastical judicatories, yet such could scarcely be considered the law of a church in this country, because so hostile to the genius, object, and spirit of the institutions of a free government. If the Protestant Episcopal Church had asserted the infallibility of its bishops, that would be a strong fact in favor of the existence of precisely the same church polity in the nineteenth as in the third century, but it had never done so. The experience of the church has been not dissimilar to that of the state. The assumption and usurpation of power on the one hand has been denied and resisted on the other, and the result of the conflict has been the gradual extinction of absolutism and the slow uprising of limited and constitutional governments; and where changes in church polity are not forbidden by the ecclesiastical law, then the church regimen has universally conformed in some degree to the civil government. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is a church of law and not of will, and whatever the powers of a bishop in ancient times, they were undoubtedly abridged by the constitution and canons. These canons furnish the stipulations between the parties, and constitute the law for the conduct of the trial. "To hold that, in such a case, the bishop could suspend and depose a clergyman without a trial, would be to overthrow the whole theory of the civil courts in this country in reference to church discipline and government as the same has been developed and settled by a long series of adjudications. It would be substituting the uncontrolled will of the bishop in the place of the solemn agreement of the parties and the limited supervision of the courts of law."

It will be perceived that the decision upon this point is of the profoundest interest to the clergy of the Episcopal Church, and it certainly seems to admit of but little doubt that (as decided in England in *Long v. Bishop of*

Cape Town) the oath of canonical obedience does not mean that the presbyter will obey all the commands of his bishop, but only those which the bishop is by the pact between the parties authorized to impose. It is due to the memory of the lamented Bishop Whitehouse to say that that eminent prelate did not for a moment assert that it would be right for a bishop to proceed in any case contrary to the canons. His contention was that, simply as a matter of ecclesiastical law, an uncanonical sentence was voidable and not void, and was therefore practically absolute because irreversible.

MELVILLE W. FULLER.

COOLBAUGH'S, MONROE CO., PA., AUG. 24, 1874.

Notes.

THE entire remaining stock of the late Professor Agassiz's publications, "all printed at the author's private expense, and at great sacrifice, during his sojourn at Neuchâtel as Professor of Natural History," has been purchased by his family, and is now offered for sale by Bernard Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, London. The titles and prices of these works will be found in Mr. Quaritch's 'Rough List, No. 21.'—The fall announcements of J. R. Osgood & Co. embrace a noticeably large proportion of native American productions, though in no case is expectation greatly aroused by them. Poetry by J. T. Trowbridge, by Whittier ('Hazel Blossoms'), Holmes ('Songs of Many Seasons'), Aldrich ('Cloth of Gold'), Bayard Taylor ('The Prophet'—a tragedy), and Lucy Larcom ('Childhood Songs'); essays by Emerson ('Poetry and Criticism'), Lowell, and Prof. T. Sterry Hunt ('Chemical and Geological Essays'); tales by Howells ('A Foregone Conclusion'), H. H. Boyesen ('Gunnar'), and Julian Hawthorne ('Idolatry'); a new volume on the education of girls, by Dr. E. H. Clarke; a companion volume, by Wilson Flagg, to his 'Woods and Byways of New England'; 'Ten Days in Spain,' by Kate Field—are all works whose measure we can pretty accurately take in advance. The same may perhaps be said of Mr. John Fiske's 'Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy.' Under the head of art and architecture we find the following works, new and old, but for the most part of approved merit: from the French of Viollet-le-Duc, 'The Story of a House,' translated by Geo. M. Towle, and 'Discourses on Architecture,' translated by Henry Van Brunt, both illustrated; 'Homes, and How to Make them,' by E. C. Gardner, illustrated by the author; 'Art in the House,' from the German of Jacob Falke, by Harriet W. Preston, edited by C. C. Perkins, and illustrated with heliotype. Also, a quarto illustrated volume, 'Famous Painters and Paintings,' by Mrs. J. H. Shedd; a new and enlarged edition of Spooner's 'Dictionary of Painters and Engravers,' in two volumes; and 'The Antiquity of Engraving, and the Utility and Pleasure of Prints,' by W. S. Baker, with heliotype illustrations.—The Boston Public Library has, by annexation of suburban libraries erected into branches, and by the usual means of purchases and donations, been increased by nearly 25 per cent. during the past year. The total number of volumes is now 260,550. No less than 103 persons are employed in the library and its branches. The new Chicago Public Library reports about 26,000 volumes, of which 21,000 are adapted for circulation. In the sixteenth week after opening (on the 1st of May) the average daily circulation had reached the surprising figure of 1,118 volumes, or one in twenty of the entire collection; a striking evidence of the deprivation caused by the great fire.—The Centennial Commission desire early applications for space from American exhibitors, in order to be able to make the proper assignment to foreign nations. Early provision should also be made for the organization of such collective exhibitions of the natural resources and raw materials of different sections of the country as cannot be made by individual exhibitors. "The importance of this, as an incentive to immigration and to the investment of foreign capital, cannot be overestimated."—The *American Garden*, a monthly illustrated journal, devoted to garden art, published by Beach & Son, Brooklyn, now commences its third year and a new series, with James Hogg as editor. It ought to be excellent, and the opening number (for September) is so. The publishers' preface does not overstate the worth and the services of the late Thomas Hogg, who was almost the father of horticulture in this city, nor of his two sons. Let us note in passing that, in correcting the account of another journalist respecting the Jerusalem artichoke, the editor perhaps lays himself open to correction. It is very doubtful if it was "introduced into England from Canada in 1617, having been previously brought there from Brazil." It is pretty certain that it does not belong to Brazil, and most probable that it went to Europe from Louisiana.—The *London Academy* (July 18) devotes nearly half a column of its Notes of Travel to an account of a remarkable magnetic cave discovered in California. It copies without misgiving the statement that a hatchet, carried by one of the

exploring party, was "wrested from him by a magnetic rock near which he passed, and the combined strength of four of the party was insufficient to detach it"; that "a pocket-knife, accidentally dropped to the floor, had to remain there, none of the party having sufficient strength to pick it up"; and, finally, that one of the explorers had to be lifted out of his nail-studded miner's boots, which were left immovably fixed to the magnetic floor of this cavern.—Number 251 of *Nature*, which Macmillan & Co. will have for sale on Saturday next, will contain a full report of Professor Tyndall's Presidential Address before the British Association at Belfast. With the same number of *Nature* will be given a portrait of Professor Tyndall, engraved on steel by Jeens, with a notice by Professor Helmholtz, forming the fourth of the series of illustrated articles on "Scientific Worthies" which is appearing in this periodical.

—We find in the California *Mail-Bag* for August a sketch of the career of James Lick, whose extraordinary disposition of his immense property in founding an asylum, an observatory, an art school, free baths, etc., is well known to our readers. It appears that he was born Aug. 25, 1796, at Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Penn., being of German descent through his paternal grandfather. His first occupation was in an organ factory at Hanover in his native State; afterwards he obtained employment with a piano manufacturer in Baltimore. Shortly after the independence of the South American republics was declared he embarked for Buenos Ayres, and for a number of years in that country, in Chili, and in Peru he carried on the manufacture and the sale of pianos chiefly, acquiring a tolerable capital. With this, in 1847, he landed in California, where his real-estate investments in San Francisco soon made him wealthy, and ended in making him a millionaire. A better education than it was possible for him to obtain in his boyhood would probably have modified the character of some of his endowments, but as it might also have made him more selfish and less public-spirited, perhaps it is as well not to deplore the roughness of our diamond. Mr. Lick's conveyance is printed in full in the *Mail-Bag*, together with photographic likenesses of himself and his seven trustees (including the present mayor of the city and two ex-mayors), and of Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad.

—It is not often that a conviction for theft is followed by a spontaneous expression of sympathy with the thief on the part of property-owners; yet such seems to have been the result of the conviction of the unfortunate Mr. Weightman, an English barrister, who was sentenced some time ago to six months' hard labor for stealing books from the library of the Inner Temple. Mr. Weightman has been disbarred by the benchers of his inn, too, though they remarked "that it was a matter of great pain to them to have to do what duty had rendered imperative, but, while they regretted the circumstances compelling them to the decision at which they had arrived, yet they could not, after the commission of a crime so derogatory to the honor of the profession, relax their severity, but must do that which would protect and uphold the dignity of the bar"; and on being released from prison a check was handed to him, being the result of a public subscription of £600. The explanation of this sympathy is not to be found in the fact that Mr. Weightman had been engaged in the political arena and so needed a vindication, but that he had been actually compelled to steal books to save himself from starvation, and, according to rumor, he had, out of the proceeds derived from the sale of one book, applied a portion to the sustenance of a brother barrister since dead, who, like himself, was at the time of the theft starving and dying. These revelations of destitution in the profession have led to the institution of a fund for the relief of poor barristers in London.

—A libel suit brought in England by Mr. John R. Herbert, R.A., against the proprietor of the *Westminster Gazette*, has brought to light a form of libellous attacks which exhibits in the inventor considerable ingenuity. It consists of a series of questions addressed to the person whom it is intended to bring into public ridicule and contempt, the answers to which are rather implied than stated, and which are indeed expected to be suggested to the unhappy victim by the remorse of his own guilty conscience. For example, the first question which the Royal Academician was requested to answer by Mr. E. Welby Pugin, who seems to have been the original libeller, was: "Did I not try to cajole Pugin out of a house worth £4,000 for £2,000? did I not, in conjunction with others, act as though he dare not strike a blow in his defence? did I not, under the impression that he was penniless, exclaim, 'Now I have drawn my sword it shall not be sheathed until it is covered with glory or gore?'" and second, "Did I not resort to every dirty and filthy trick to avoid paying my just liabilities?" third, "Have I not loved my 'louis' more than my honor?" fourth, "Am I not a cur of the worst breed to have shirked opening my own letters, and to have requested my wife to keep them from my sight?" fifth, "Am I not a coward of the most contemptible nature to have made such a

request, and then to have gone howling about the country, 'I did not mind so long as his letters were addressed to myself, that I could endure; but to have placed them in the hands of one's wife exceeds the bounds of endurance?'" sixth, "Am I not a dog, too contemptible to be worth kicking, for having apologized to Edward Barry for having written what I believed to be true?" seventh, "Have I not justly incurred the wretchedness I am suffering? Shall I not be a man utterly ruined both in reputation and purse?" eighth, "Will not the evidence that will be admitted at the trial make me wish I had never been born?" ninth, "Can I deny that I am a perjurer?" tenth, "Can I deny that I am a slanderer?" eleventh, "Can I deny that such conduct as I have been guilty of makes me, even in my own estimation, more stinking than the dunghills, more foul than the cesspools, to which Pugin has referred?" twelfth, "Have I gained anything by dragging an influential friend and kind patron into the vortex where my folly and rascality has (sic) driven me?" thirteenth, "Have I not, after the habit of the monkey, sought for cat's-paws to do my dirty work?" fourteenth, "Have I not conspired to effect this man's ruin?" fifteenth, "Have I got a hope on earth left?" sixteenth, "Can I expect mercy hereafter?" and in conclusion, Mr. Pugin comprehensively asks, "Now, sir, if you have courage to read this, the above examination of your conscience, is there an interrogatory that you can answer in the negative with any satisfactory result? I will now leave you to your reflections, and I do not envy you, but remain, E. WELBY PUGIN." Should this lively gentleman's publisher come well out of the suit brought against him, we may expect the catechistic form of libel to become very popular, as it manifestly suits the needs of a large and worthy class in every community.

—A writer in *Nature*, August 6, publishes part of a letter addressed him by M. Houzeau, author of a work in which the mental faculties of animals are compared with those of man. M. Houzeau is a resident of Jamaica, and has for a year past been studying the comparative development of intelligence in children belonging to different races. For two hours daily he taught fifteen pupils from neighboring families, and carefully watched their proceedings and rate of improvement under a common instruction. His conclusions, which are not to be regarded as final, but provisional, are, in brief, that "the rate of improvement is due almost entirely to the relative elevation of the parental circle in which children live—the home influence." In the unequal progress exhibited he finds nothing that can clearly and unmistakably be referred to the differences of race; and even the "personal coefficient" of each child—the degree of intellectual proficiency peculiar to itself—has less to do with the differences observed than he had anticipated. "Those whose parents are restricted to the narrowest gauge of intellectual exercise, live in such a material and coarse *milieu* that their mental faculties remain slumbering and gradually become atrophied; while those who hear at home of many things, and are brought up to intellectual life, show a corresponding proficiency in their learning." M. Houzeau's views derive a weight to which so limited an experiment would not entitle them, not only from the studies already mentioned as the basis of a former work, but from his having had some rare opportunities of studying "inferior races," including American Indians and half-breed Indians of the mixed race of Mexico. "I believe," he says, "that most of the savans of Europe have but a very incomplete idea of the mental, and still more the moral, status of 'inferior societies.'" His main conclusion is certainly a very strengthening one, and it is likely that the influence of the *milieu* has been as much underestimated as he perhaps overestimates it. His correspondent, Mr. W. Lauder Lindsay, reminds him of the "impossibility of duly estimating the direction or amount of future or adult mental development by the study of mental phenomena in the young." Familiar examples of this are the frequently superior quickness of girls over boys in acquiring knowledge up to a certain age; and the superiority in mental endowments, at certain stages of development, of the young of animals over the human child.

—One of the losses caused by the burning of the library of the Louvre under the Commune was a unique manuscript, entitled "Glorieuses marques du militaire français." It was prepared in 1809 by Jean-François-Louis d'Hozier, herald-at-arms, and undertook to record the name and regiment of French officers of every grade killed or wounded from the time of the Crusades down to and including the reign of Louis XVI., and the engagement in which each suffered. By great good fortune, M. Louis Paris had as early as 1861 begun publishing this record in his magazine, *Le Cabinet historique*, and had made a complete copy of the original. This he is now reproducing in four volumes 8vo, with a supplement, in which the same service is rendered the killed and wounded of the French marine. A work which in some sort is a companion to the foregoing (of which the new title, by the way, is 'L'Impôt de Sang, ou la noblesse française sur les champs de bataille') is General Susane's 'History of the French Cavalry,' which gives the genea-

logy of the regiments from their formation down to 1815, and the chronology of each one.

—A society has lately been formed in Paris for the publication of texts relating to the history and geography of the Latin Orient, comprising in this term the kingdoms of Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Armenia, the principalities of Antioch and Achaia, and the Latin Empire of Constantinople. These texts are such as are, by reason of their secondary value, neglected by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres in publishing their 'Collection of Historians of the Crusades.' Pilgrimages to the Holy Land, for instance, will receive the especial attention of the new society. Its publications will be at the rate of two volumes annually, and will be in three series—historic, geographical (illustrated with maps), and poetic. The texts will be Latin; Greek, Hebrew, Slavic, Scandinavian, accompanied by a Latin version; French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English; and will be mostly printed for the first time. There will also be a limited number of phototypographic facsimiles of rare pieces. The profits accruing from sales and subscriptions will be capitalized until such time as they will permit the publication of two folio volumes of the cartography of the Latin Orient in the Middle Ages, and its numismatics, sigillography, and epigraphy. The society will admit three hundred and fifty associate subscribers, who, on the annual payment of fifteen francs, will be entitled to the book publications of the year. Applications should be addressed to Monsieur le Gérant de la Société Bibliographique, 75, rue du Bac, Paris.

—The French Minister of the Interior, General Chabaud-Latour, and his under-secretary, M. Cornélis de Witt, both happen to be Protestants. This circumstance, which displeases the Bonapartists, is not a source of unmixed gratification to the shorn remnant of the minister's coreligionaries—some 700,000 to 800,000, exclusive of the Alsatian Protestants. The Orthodox party menaces the Liberals with ministerial interference in favor of the Synod to which the latter so strenuously object; the Liberals can only say that General Chabaud-Latour is too high-minded a man to act as judge in questions in which he has a personal interest as a member of the Synod and of the Paris Consistory. A literary event in which both parties should take some satisfaction is announced in the *Renaissance* of July 18. This is the approaching publication of a new translation of the Bible by Professor Reuss, of the old faculty of Strassburg—a French scholar, so say his publishers, who was prior to 1870 an object of envy to Germany, and whom, after that date, she fondly counted upon as part of the booty of the conquered territory. His option, however, was for France, and so was that of MM. Sandoz and Fischbacher, who issue his prospectus. The work is not a small one. Besides the translation, it includes an introduction to each book, explanatory notes on the Old Testament, and a complete commentary on the New, making 12 to 15 volumes, or 7,000 pages octavo.

—The historian of Austria since 1848, Baron von Helfert, has recently issued a pamphlet—'Die Böhmisches Frage in ihrer jüngsten Phase'—advising his countrymen of Bohemia to lay aside their passive policy of abstinence from imperial affairs, and to carry on their contest against the Austrian Government within the Government itself. The author professes the fullest sympathy with the objects of the anti-administration party in Bohemia, the maintenance of Bohemian nationality and the same degree of independence for Bohemia which is enjoyed by Hungary; he thinks, however, that the time has come when these objects can be best attained by a change of policy. The most interesting, or at least most novel, portion of the pamphlet is that in which he sketches the earlier constitutional struggles in Bohemia; from 1845 on, that is. Everybody knows something of the noble struggle of Hungary against Austrian despotism; it is not generally known, however, that Bohemia was likewise the seat of a vigorous and able constitutional resistance, which, like so many other promising movements, was brought to nought by the spasmodic revolution of 1848; but even after this there was a renewal and succession of similar efforts down to the present time. The history of these constitutional struggles is narrated by Baron von Helfert in a clear and interesting style and with the illustration of abundant documents.

DEMOCRATIC ILLUSIONS.*

MR. MORRIS'S sketch makes no pretensions to original research. It is a clear statement of the results of modern enquiry into the history of the great Revolution. But, though a book which cannot from its nature lay claim to originality, it is a very valuable and instructive essay. Mr. Morris (except in his far too favorable view of the influence of the Roman Catholic religion and the Roman Catholic hierarchy) has carefully followed the best and soundest modern authorities. He has the rare good sense to keep his head clear in

treating of events which have generally seemed to affect injuriously the judgment of those who attempted to narrate them, and has kept in mind throughout his sketch the sound but constantly forgotten principle, that revolutionary crises must be examined and judged of, like all other periods, by the rules of ordinary common-sense and ordinary morality, and must not be looked at as times of miracle, when human nature puts forth unheard-of powers, and is freed from subjection to ordinary ethical rules. The belief, expressed in a thousand different forms, that revolutionary movements, because they display human nature in unaccustomed forms, and divested of some of the restraints of custom, have a virtually supernatural character, is the source of half the delusions which pervert modern views of the events which make up the history of France from 1789 to 1815. These transactions are wonderful enough in themselves, but imagination and sentiment have turned wonders into miracles, and have given birth to a whole host of democratic illusions and revolutionary legends. False theories have produced misconceptions of fact, and misconceptions of history have in their turn been made the basis of erroneous theories. Gradually a whole mass of errors has grown up which obscures our views of the past, misguides our judgment of the present, and leads to mistaken anticipations of the future. It is of course impossible, in a mere essay consisting of three hundred and odd pages, to confute and expose errors which can only be undermined by the judgment and industry of philosophic historians. But it is Mr. Morris's great merit to have at least pointed out to the notice of intelligent readers a number of delusions to which the history of the Revolution is supposed to give countenance. Thus, he has shortly noticed the indubitable fact that the Terrorists were, with the possible exception of Danton, not men of marked ability, and by this mere statement has given a fatal blow to the illusion that at periods of excitement, popular judgment being as it were inspired, the instinct of the people becomes a substitute for statesmanlike prudence. The notion, however, that a politician who commits great crimes must therefore be a great statesman is happily, in spite of declamation and sentimentality, being dispelled by the force of ordinary good sense and common moral feeling, and it is a proof that mankind does, after all, make some slight progress, that modern revolutionists have on the whole avoided the precedents of the guillotine and the *noyades*. It is of more consequence to call attention to other delusions which, to borrow the language of Bacon, may be termed revolutionary "idols," and are supposed to be supported by the facts of the great Revolution.

The most striking occurrence of the whole Revolutionary period is the repulse of the coalition by the arms of France. Make what deductions you will, the fact that the great military powers of Europe retreated before the half-organized levies of the French Republic; that the sovereigns who had sent forth their armies to restore the French king to power were defeated and routed, and their territories invaded by the Republicans whom they despised, remains; and always will remain, one of the marvels of history, bearing witness of the strength sometimes to be found in the national and political enthusiasm of an invaded people. But here, as elsewhere, a wonder has been transformed into a miracle. The received legend is that the armies of Europe set forth against France at a time when her forces were entirely dissolved, and that the European coalition was met by bodies of Republican volunteers who, under a Dumouriez, beat back the trained veterans of Austria and Prussia. The legend is undoubtedly grounded on fact, yet, taken alone, it is almost as misguiding as a pure fiction. France, it is forgotten, had been before the Revolution the great military nation of Europe. Her armies were in one sense dissolved when she was attacked by the coalition, because the result of the recent changes had been to break up the existing organization, but she was full of soldiers. Dumouriez's army was not by any means a mere volunteer force. He had in his ranks numbers of soldiers trained under the old régime. His troops, moreover, were as it was all but defeated, and defeated just because they consisted in great part of raw recruits. The men who in a year or two carried the tricolor into all the capitals of the Continent, exhibited in their first campaign all the defects of volunteers, and in spite of Dumouriez's generalship would have been routed had their opponents acted with vigor. For it is again forgotten, and this oversight is fatal to a true comprehension of the military history of the Revolution, that the coalition were not really united. If Brunswick in 1792 had been half as determined to reach Paris as was Blücher in 1814, the Prussians might, for all the heroic efforts of France, have crushed for a time the forces of the Revolution. Disunion among the allies, bad generalship on the part of Brunswick, and the existence of all the elements of military strength among the French nation, do not in the least deprive of their due fame national efforts which ought to be specially borne in mind at a time when there is a marked tendency to underrate the military prowess of France, but they do afford an explanation of the Revolutionary victories, and conclusively show that these successes lend no support to the idea that popular enthusiasm can of itself fit untrained vol-

* 'The French Revolution and First Empire: An Historical Sketch. By William O'Connor Morris.' London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1874.

unteers to meet bodies of trained veterans. "The efforts" writes Mr. Morris, "of France to resist her foes were heroic, and have hardly perhaps been ever surpassed, but should not blind by false illusions. The allies might without the least difficulty have entered Paris in the summer of 1793, and, memorable as its struggles were, the Revolution triumphed only through the divisions and negligence of its antagonists." This is the conclusion drawn by common-sense from the undoubted facts of the case. It is at once curious and melancholy to reflect that "illusions," based on erroneous views of history, have led revolutionary leaders of even such genius as Mazzini into errors of policy which resulted in the futile sacrifice of many of the best and bravest democrats of Europe.

The delusion that volunteers could meet trained veterans and defeat them by the force of mere enthusiasm, was no doubt an error; but it was an error clearly suggested by a superficial view of the facts of the great Revolution. It was in fact a mistake which could hardly be avoided by those who did not command the knowledge which the present generation possesses of the secret intrigues of the allied powers. A more curious, because far less plausible, illusion is to be found in the idea that in a popular insurrection the insurgents have a fair chance of defeating soldiers really inclined to use their arms. This notion is one which, till recently, was entertained by kings no less than by democrats. A student of the movements in 1848 will see that one crowned head after another yielded to mobs which might have been dispersed by the use of a very small body of troops whose fidelity could have been relied upon. Monarchs fell in panic dread of popular insurrection, just as democrats entertained superstitious belief in the certain success of hastily armed insurgents fighting behind barricades. The strange point is that the whole history of the revolutionary movements from 1789 down to 1870, gives scarcely any support whatever to the terror of monarchs or the confidence of revolutionists. What history does show is that troops cannot be relied upon to put down an insurrection with which they themselves sympathize. But history as conclusively shows both that trained soldiers will rarely, under proper guidance, fraternize with insurgents, and that, unless the troops desert, citizens have even under favorable circumstances no chance of success in a combat with a military force. During the whole of the great Revolution there were but few occasions on which the mob were met by troops really inclined to resist them. On the 10th of August, the Swiss would almost certainly have routed their antagonists if they had not been deserted by the king. On the 13th of Vendémiaire, Bonaparte showed that the famed sections of Paris could be put down by any general prepared to make use of grape-shot. The history of 1848 and of 1870 reads exactly the same lesson. Cavaignac suppressed the most formidable insurrection which Paris has witnessed by the use mainly of National Guards and of young Gardes Mobiles, drawn from the very populace against whom their arms were turned. The army which had been defeated on every battle-field of France, which was half-disorganized, and perhaps more than half-sympathized with the insurgents, was yet strong enough to put down the Commune, which had held possession of the capital for weeks, which had in its ranks numbers of trained soldiers, which commanded the services of at least one skilful commander, and was, moreover, supplied with arms, forts, and artillery. The triumphs of Garibaldi may perhaps be cited in proof of the strength to be found in volunteer levies, but Garibaldi was himself a first-rate guerilla leader. He was in his Sicilian campaign accompanied by military adventurers, and even there he triumphed rather by the sympathy of the armies sent against him than by the force of his own troops. He might have been foiled at last at Gaeta but for the aid of the Italian army, and Mentana bears witness how little his volunteers could effect against disciplined soldiers. It would in many respects be well for the chances of human freedom could rational men believe that a brave people could always in a last resort protect their liberties by insurrection. But experience proves that in war, as elsewhere, trained skill must triumph over untrained ignorance, and forbids the illusion that what is called the people rising in its might will be found to be anything else than a mob doomed to slaughter by its weakness.

The most deep-seated of all revolutionary delusions is the belief in the effect of words and phrases. How deeply rooted the belief is may be understood by any one who will observe with intelligence the history of modern revolutions. To many leaders it is quite clear that the word republic has come to possess a magic force. Within the last two years all the world has seen the Republicans of Spain refuse to support a monarch who sacrificed his position rather than break through his constitutional obligations, and who from his position was compelled to act as a supporter of political freedom and religious liberty. But Castelar preferred the uncertainties of revolution and a nominal republic to the reality of freedom under a constitutional monarch; and, whatever may be thought of his wisdom, acted in strict conformity with the revolutionary belief in the supreme consequence of words. This super-

stition or creed is obviously derived from the supposed facts of the First Revolution. It is certainly the case that words and formulas possessed or seem to have possessed at that period an influence which modern students find it hard to appreciate. The ground of this importance is probably at bottom that the revolutionary symbols, such as the pretentious dogmas of the rights of man, gave expression to the general feeling of European society, which at the end of the last century longed, and rightly longed, to get rid of the burdensome relics of feudalism. What was really important was not the formulas, but the sentiment to which the revolutionary dogmas appealed. As the French armies advanced on to foreign soil, they found themselves in the midst of populations who either actively welcomed, or at the lowest passively aided, armies which promised to bring deliverance from oppression. The rights of man, the proclamation of human equality, and the promise of universal fraternity, were in fact the passwords by which lovers of freedom recognized one another throughout the world. The greater part of European nations have now attained the kind of freedom for which at the end of the last century all rational men sighed, and, until the Revolution broke out, sighed in vain. The old forms and words have lost their meaning because the feeling which they expressed has more or less passed away. The history of the Revolution proves the force not of words, but of widespread sentiments. To believe in the magic effect of democratic formulas is to mistake the form for the substance, and to cherish the most dangerous because the most subtle of revolutionary delusions.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

IN *Scribner's* Mr. John Burroughs writes some notes of travel. The name, "Mellow England," which he gives to the country which he visited, indicates the general impression produced on him by his journeyings, and this he pleasantly conveys; but the interest of his notes is their particularity—a recipe for interest which one might wish all travellers would have, did the world not know too well the kind of particulars to which nine in every ten of us would make the others listen. Mr. Burroughs, who is great in woodcraft, found his first refuge from the effects of his very inferior seamanship in watching for the birds that lighted in the ship's rigging. Not the sea-birds, with which he professes no sympathy, but the lost birds of the land which had disastrously missed their course: "No doubt," he thinks, "the number of our land-birds that actually perish in the sea during their autumn navigation, being carried far out of their course by the prevailing westerly winds of this season, is very great." On the other hand, if a land-bird perishes at sea, a sea-bird is equally shipwrecked on land, and Mr. Burroughs has known the Sooty Tern, with its almost omnipotent wing, to fall down in utter exhaustion two hundred miles from salt water; the want of food in this case doing what the combined want of food and of rest does in the case of land-birds cast away at sea. Making port and travelling through Southern England, Mr. Burroughs was first struck by the uninhabited character of the landscape and by its beauty as a garden; it seemed as if not only the land were tilled by gardeners, but as if the virtues of generations of gardeners had been worked into the soil itself. Then, returning to his birds, he wonders at the enormous number of them. He believes that were all the birds in the United States to be gathered into any two of the largest States they would not people the earth and air as Southern England—earth, water and sky—is peopled by its clouds of various kinds of fowl. Among these he by-and-by heard the sky-lark, and his description of its song, if not exactly that given by the poets, is worthy of the songster's repute. He makes bold, however, to doubt if poetry reports with exact accuracy when it loses the lark "at heaven's gate" in "a privacy of glorious light." About four hundred feet, this gratuitous sceptic thinks, is as high as those sky-larks went which he saw on the South Downs. He adds, however, that though he could follow the bird with his eye and see it all the while as it was making its greatest altitude, yet if he took his eye off he had a difficulty in finding his lark on looking for it again. He is candid enough to add further that perhaps in the spring-time, when the bird's heart is fullest of its impulse of song and its body fullest of strength—the time when the poets have naturally been busiest with it—the flight may be higher than in the autumn; and moreover, by reason of the lesser clearness of the vernal atmosphere, the bird may then more easily arrive at the point of invisibility. With the original statement as thus modified, no one will probably find fault. The sky-lark's song Mr. Burroughs found much less melodious than that of some of our birds, as for instance, that of the bobolink in the meadows, the vesper sparrow in the pastures, the purple finch in the groves, the winter wren, or any of the thrushes in the woods, or the wood-wagtail, whose song is like the sky-lark's, but even more rapid and ringing, and delivered in a similar manner. "But the wonder of it is its copiousness and sustained strength. . . . Our birds all stop when the sky-lark has only just begun. Away he goes on

quivering wing, inflating his throat fuller and fuller, mounting and mounting, and turning to all points of the compass, as if to embrace the whole landscape in his song, the notes still raining upon you as distinct as ever after you have left him far behind." So good are the words of a competent observer that, even after Jeremy Taylor and all the rest, this description which we have quoted will seem worth having. As regards other English matters than bird-songs, Mr. Burroughs is an observer and philosopher who requires not so much attention. All that he says is true, and evidently it is a record of individual impressions, but it is not often new or important. Among its other contents, the September *Scribner's* has Mr. Bret Harte's chat about a young Chinese boy whom he once knew; some account of our New York City Normal School, an institution of which most of us know nothing; Mr. Edward King's travels in Alabama and Mississippi; and a story by Miss Constance Woolson, noticeable for the raw coarseness of its assault on the feelings, and the unsteady, unskilful hand with which some commonplace figures of fiction are drawn. Our band of heart-wrenching female dealers in false feeling was never, we think, so numerous as now. Some of them are better, some worse, but all their performances, from Mrs. Harding Davis's down to "Saxe Holme's" and her companions, have the general truth of sentiment of a romance by the leading graduate of a young ladies' seminary. Their good effects on their writers and their readers may be guessed.

In the September *Atlantic*, Miss Woolson has another tale, wildly improbable, destitute of the truth of fact or the truth of fiction, which appears under the title of "The Lady of Little Fishing." It is of this as much as of her story in *Scribner's* that we are thinking when we speak of the large school of female writers to which she belongs, and of whom there is none who seems able to keep on her feet and write a moderate word when the reader's feelings are to be touched, by the display of the throbbing feelings of the characters. Of the uses of restraint and of the nature of reserve they seem to have really about as much conception as if they wrote letters for the Beecher-Tilton case; and of good sense as little. They are, in a strict and now obsolete sense of the word, indecent.

The *Atlantic* for September is not a very good number. Mr. Howells's story goes on; Prof. N. S. Shaler writes popularly, and with an occasional dip of the pen into the purple ink, about the moon; Mr. J. J. Jarves, with an evident fondness for the place, writes enthusiastically about an Italian village in the Apennines, and about its happy unsophisticated population; Mr. G. C. Eggleston describes the merits of the Confederate currency in a way that should please Mr. Bundy of Ohio; and there is, finally, a narrative of a journey in Chinese inland waters which attracts curiosity, but does so without repaying it. These articles are to be called fairly good, except Mr. Howells's, which is more than that; but apart from these and the book-reviews, the contents of the *Atlantic* are noticeable for other qualities than goodness or readability. Half-a-dozen of them together are such as to be considerably below the standard of poorer magazines than the *Atlantic*. There is nothing, for instance, in "A Vision of Lost Souls" which would seem capable of overbearing its resemblance to the very highly mannered "Blessed Damozel" of Mr. D. G. Rossetti. Two of the stanzas of "The Vision" we quote:

"And haply may God's Christ
Bend down from his high seat,
Or send his angels, who
Shall guide our wavering feet;
And cannot love's self make
Each bitter thing seem sweet?"

"He stooped and kissed her hair
That glimmered golden red;
She leaned on him as when
On earth they two were wed;
And heaven was in her face
And peace—no word she said."

In the publication of such a poem as this in the *Atlantic* there appears to us to be a failure of taste and of judgment which is unaccountable, unless, indeed, it is intended that Mr. Bret Harte's remarkable imitation of Mr. Browning's "The Statue and the Bust" shall be followed in the magazine by similar excessively close imitations of all the celebrated pieces of contemporary poetry. The book-reviews of this month are of more variety and liveliness than usual, though not of more ability—Mr. Proctor, the English astronomical lecture-maker and book-maker, being talked about in a way to surprise and horrify Mr. James Redpath and all the other lecture-course agents and hundreds of thousands of the purchasers of the *Tribune's* "Lecture Extras."

All persons whom circumstances have thrown into the way of reading infinitely more magazine literature than falls to the lot of other human beings, will agree with us that while no one would say that *Lippincott's* is a magazine of great pretensions, or indeed of the greatest achievements in literature, there would nevertheless be difficulty in finding one in exchange

for which they would more willingly throw away the matter, "cultured" or otherwise, turned out by the writers, great and small, of the other magazines. Doubtless the absence of pretension counts for much in bringing this about. A set comparison between the Philadelphia product and that of Boston and New York would probably show in the pages of the former a solid mass of the regulation article. But still there would also be found in *Lippincott's* a comparative freedom from staleness and familiar routine, which would command the good-will of the expert examiner. With the beginner the case would perhaps be different. This month Mr. Black's novel of "The Three Feathers" moves on; Mr. Adolphus Trollope contributes recollections of D'Azeglio, whom he greatly admired; "The Bearer of Despatches in London" is a tale which we imagine we must have dreamed before reading it here; "The New Hyperion" is as far from Paris as ever. In "Violins and Violin Players" persons interested may read an historic-anecdotal article of the kind periodically recurring in magazines, to the end, as we suppose, that each generation may know as much about violins (or Malays running a-muck, or the leaning tower of Pisa, or the Thugs, or the Austrian salt-mines, or the comparative longevity of animals, or Edmund Kean, or the great organ at Haarlem, or what not) as was known to the generation preceding it.

Old and New publishes an essay to which on its promised appearance in another form we may be able to give due attention, in which it is attempted to show that the character of Tiberius has been grossly and inconsistently blackened by Tacitus, and that the Emperor, neither tyrant nor dæmon, has for ages been made the victim of senatorial hate. The essayist, a Professor Huidekoper, is much in earnest, and evidently has satisfied one man of the good character of his hero.

Mr. Richard Grant White, in the *Galaxy*, discourses of the Abbé Liszt and his music. In what degree of esteem Mr. White holds this composer the reader learns very readily: "That dearest of composers, Franz Liszt," whose compositions "remind us of some sermons that we all have heard, in which the doctrine was orthodox, the sentences well put together, the language pure, the illustrations scholarly, and the result barrenness"—Liszt, who "has probably covered more music-paper with his writings than Mozart and Beethoven did together" (having been working at music for more than fifty years), "and in all that time has not produced one musical idea that is worth one of the buttons on one of his old velvet paletots—not one which has character enough, even in its badness, to be recognized as one of his"—Liszt, of whom it is true to say that "the more he writes and the harder he works, the more does the stony sterility of his mind appear": "who spends the first part of a movement in announcing that something is coming that never comes, and the last in subsiding from a climax that has never been reached"; who, finally, "for every deed of his not done on the piano-stool ought to sit on the stool of repentance." If Liszt, both as composer and as a life-long monument of curious affectation and indulged petty insolence, moves Mr. White to wrath, he is little better pleased with the Abbé when he thinks of him as a champion of "the music of the future," although he believes Liszt's proper place to be in Herr Wagner's camp, and believes, moreover, that Liszt's friendly patronage of Wagner was much to his personal credit. But still, in Mr. White's view, a musician who professes a devotion to the music of the future is simply a musician who is ignorant of the first principles of the art of which he wishes to be a practitioner, and, as such, is in heresy and schism; the latter part of his essay is therefore as warm as the former part, and, if the former will be disliked in the Conservatories, the latter will call to arms many loud-clanging warriors who follow Mr. Theodore Thomas in the cause of Wagnerism.

Other articles in the *Galaxy* are one by General Custer, and the first half of a depreciatory sketch of Marshal MacMahon, by M. Elie Reclus. M. Reclus is republican enough to think monarchs an infamous class of creatures, and of MacMahon he is free to assert that while at Metz Bazaine betrayed only the Empire, at Sedan MacMahon betrayed France. General Custer is as verbose as usual, and writes with an attention to the judicious breaking-up of his narrative into magazine lengths which does not savor very much of the camp, and, indeed, it may be the magazine office that is responsible for this. As for the verbosity and other defects of writing, they will no doubt maintain themselves in use among our literary army-officers till English is reasonably well taught at the Academy—if not afterwards, in fact.

Of *Harper's* we may say that the reader not having a monthly familiarity with the magazine will find in the September number an article on the materials used in making a long list of perfumes, the method of their preparation; and other points of interest about them. The *Catholic World* for this month contains nothing of interest to the secular reader.

The Centennial Gazetteer of the United States. By A. von Steinwehr, A.M. (Philadelphia: Zeigler & McCurdy.)—This work derives its chief

and exceptional value from the fact that it is the most recent of its kind. Its list of names is therefore more complete and its statistics more trustworthy, the compiler having had the benefit of the results of the Ninth Census. The typographical execution is very good indeed. Some fifty pages of description of the United States serve as an introduction, and deal in a competent manner with the physical geography of the country, its population, industries, etc., ending with an outline of the form of government, and a condensed history from the session of the first Colonial Congress. In discussing the present white population, General von Steinwehr roughly estimates the number of Anglo-Saxons at 8,340,000; Germans, of all countries, 8,930,000; Dutch and Scandinavians, 728,000, or a total of 17,998,000. The Celts, principally Irish, amount to 10,255,000; the Romanic nations to 1,016,000; and all other nationalities to 4,326,000, leaving a balance of about 2,400,000 in favor of the Germanic stock. "Were the fusion of these diverse elements complete, then, of 100 drops of American blood, 25 would be Anglo-Saxon, 27 German, 2 Dutch or Scandinavian, 30½ Celtic, 3 Romanic, and 12½ uncertain." Our distressingly unregulated town nomenclature is made apparent on every page of this gazetteer. As an example we take the name of *Lincoln*, which we might naturally suppose to have multiplied since 1861. In the first edition of Lippincott's Gazetteer the name occurs fourteen times in the United States, and in the appendix to the revised edition of 1865-6 thirteen times—in all, twenty-seven. It is specially mentioned under *Lincoln*, the capital of Logan Co., Illinois, that "this place, the origin of which is quite recent, was named in honor of President Abraham Lincoln." Now comes the 'Centennial Gazetteer' with upwards of 115 towns, townships, and counties called *Lincoln*, and it is probably fair to assume that the increase (about ten per annum) is almost wholly due to the same motive which determined the naming of the Illinois town. It is further to be remarked that Iowa, which had but one *Lincoln* in 1866, now endures the confusion of twenty-five.

Compendious Dictionary of the French Language. French-English; English-French. By Gustave Masson. (New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.)—Purchasers of this handy volume will get the usual vocabulary and definitions in a compact and clearly-printed form, but in place of the usual pronunciation of the French words their etymologies, as given by Littré, Schéler, and Brachet. This feature is carried still further in a separate list of the principal diverging derivations in the language, taken from Brachet's 'Dictionnaire des Doublets,' as, for example, *catapalque* and *échafaud*, from Low Latin *catapalcus*; *Cravate* and *Croate*; *nombre* and *numéro*; *libération* and *liraison* (*liberationem*), etc. But above all will be valued the tables prefixed to the Dictionary proper. These are: (1) Chronological tables of the history of French literature from the ninth century to the Second Empire. Not only the chief writers, but the momentous political events of each period, are enumerated, and its characteristic literature analyzed, with

groups of writers and titles of works which it is extremely convenient to have in such small compass for ready reference. Another very useful list is (2) that of the principal chronicles and memoirs on the history of France from the days of Villehardouin (1160-1213) to the present time, ending with the Comte Philippe de Ségur's 'Histoire et Mémoires.' Then follow (3) a synoptical table of the principal *chansons de geste* composed in the *langue d'oïl*, indicating those which have been printed; (4) a synoptical table of the French mediæval dialects, after M. Fallot; (5) a chronological list of the principal French newspapers published during the Revolution and the First Empire; (6) a concordance of the French Republican calendar with the Gregorian; and (7) the Republican calendar itself. It will be seen that the dictionary is no ordinary compilation, and that its merits recommend it to all who seriously undertake the study of French.

Famous Trials. The Tichborne Claimant; Troppman; Prince Pierre Bonaparte; Mrs. Wharton; The Meteor; Mrs. Fair. By John T. Morse, jr. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1874.)—Mr. Morse has, in this collection of essays (mainly reprinted from the *Law Review*) made an entertaining contribution to a kind of literature which stands midway between history and the newspaper criminal reports—not quite as pretentious as the former kind of writing has in these later days become, not so dry and detailed as the latter. The stories of the various trials are told in an entertaining and vivid manner, and if they do not add much to our previous knowledge of the subject, they are presented in an entertaining way. The longest and most elaborate of course is that of the Tichborne Claimant, while the most strictly novel and foreign to American readers are those of Troppman and Prince Bonaparte, giving as they do some insight into the peculiar judicial proceedings which in France are considered as conducive to the elucidation of truth. The French judge, bullying and browbeating not only the witnesses, but the prisoner at the bar, or it may be sustaining and encouraging him if he is a prisoner of the right kind, is one of those social monstrosities to which the Anglo-Saxon reader can only reconcile himself by reflecting that the prisoner and witnesses, as well as the judges, are French.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Allen (J. H. & W. F.) and Greenough (J. B.), <i>Cæsar's Gallic War</i> , Books I.-IV.	(Ginn Bros.)
Butler (N.), <i>Grammar of the English Language</i>	(J. P. Morton & Co.)
Cox (G. W.), <i>The Crusades</i>	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) \$1 00
Frere (J. H.), <i>Works in Prose and Verse</i> , 3 vols.	(A. Denham & Co.) 7 50
Henn (Dr. F.), <i>Ahn's Series of French and German School-Books</i>	(E. Steiger)
MacGinley (T. C.), <i>Introduction to General Biology</i>	(G. P. Putnam's Sons)
Marsan (G. F.), <i>The Earth as Modified by Human Action</i>	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 0 75
Petermann (K.), <i>Literaturgeschichtliches Lesebuch</i> , Vol. 2	(L. W. Schmidt)
Pennell (R. F.), <i>Ancient Greece</i>	(John Allyn)
Schuckers (J. W.), <i>Life of S. P. Chase</i>	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 00
Seeborn (F.), <i>The Era of the Protestant Revolution</i>	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 1 00
Trafford (Adeline), <i>Katherine Earle: a Tale</i>	(Lee & Shepard)
The Ancient Nation	(Pott, Young & Co.)
Trotter (L. J.), <i>History of India</i>	(Pott, Young & Co.)
Wordsworth (Dorothy), <i>Tour in Scotland, 1806</i>	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 2 50
Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, No. 51, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)

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THE WEEK IN TRADE AND FINANCE.

NEW YORK, August 31, 1874.

MONEY on call continues very abundant at 2 and 3 per cent., with the bulk of business doing at 2½ per cent. Commercial paper is in good demand at 5 and 6 per cent. for prime loans having a short time to run, while that running 3 and 4 months sells readily at 6 and 7 per cent.

Cable advices report a further reduction of ½ per cent. on the Bank of England rate of discount—the rate now standing at 3 per cent. The Bank lost £537,000 in bullion for the week ending on Thursday last.

The weekly statement of the Clearing House Banks on Saturday was favorable, the important features being the loss of \$916,800 in specie, and gain of \$1,391,200 in legal tenders. The surplus reserve shows a gain of \$440,400 as compared with that of the previous week.

The following is a comparison of the averages for the past two weeks:

	August 22.	August 29.	Differences.
Loans.....	\$378,576,000	\$378,319,800	Dec.. \$256,200
Specie.....	19,554,900	18,638,100	Dec.. 916,800
Legal tenders.....	65,891,400	67,282,600	Inc.. 1,391,200
Deposits.....	234,864,100	235,000,100	Inc.. 136,000
Circulation.....	25,890,000	25,803,300	Dec.. 86,700

The following shows the relations between the total reserve and the total liabilities:

	August 22.	August 29.	Differences.
Specie.....	\$19,554,900	\$18,638,100	Dec.. 916,800
Legal tenders.....	65,891,400	67,282,600	Inc.. 1,391,200
Total reserve.....	\$85,446,300	\$85,920,700	Inc.. 474,400
Reserve required against deposits.....	58,716,025	58,750,025	Inc.. 33,999
Excess of reserve above legal requirement.....	26,730,275	27,170,675	Inc.. 440,400

The stock market, which opened strong and buoyant on Monday, subsequently became dull and heavy, and finally closed on Saturday at the lowest figures of the week. The chief feature of the market in the downward movement was Wabash, which was seriously hammered by the bears, who made use of the reported falling off in the earnings of the road as a means of depressing its market price. The decline in Wabash was equal to 2½ per cent., and the decline on the balance of the list ranged from ¾ to 2 per cent., the principal dealings being in Union Pacific, Lake Shore, Western Union, and Pacific Mail.

The market to-day was active, especially for Erie, which sharply advanced from 32½ to 34½, in sympathy with the market in London, where an upward movement is being engineered. The advance in Erie is said to be based upon the recent closing-out in London of a loan for the Company, which was only partially subscribed for under the old management, but, when reopened by the new management, was promptly taken. The indications are, judging from the looks of the market to-night, that an upward movement in Erie has commenced, which bids fair to carry the quotation up to 40 before it is over.

The feature in the railroad-bond market has been the Income bonds of the Union Pacific R. R. Co. Of the original ten millions of these bonds,

seven millions have been converted into the third mortgage 8 per cent. bonds, which the Company recently offered to give in exchange to the holders of the former at the rate of \$12,000 of the new bonds for \$10,000 of the Incomes. The Incomes fall due September 1, and it is said that, unless the Company pays the face value of the remaining unconverted bonds in cash, legal proceedings will be commenced to compel the Company to do so. We understand that the Company holds to its determination not to pay the bonds in cash, and will, if necessary, stand suit in the matter. During the early part of the week, the Incomes advanced to 81¼, but subsequently, when an effort was made to sell, the price quickly dropped to 85, the bonds being offered at that this afternoon with no bid.

The following shows the highest and lowest sales of the leading stocks at the Stock Exchange for the week ending Saturday, August 29, 1874:

	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wed'day.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Sales.
N. Y. C. & H. R....	102½ 103½	102½ 103½	102½ 103½	102½ 103½	102½ 103½	101½ 102½	10,900
Lake Shore.....	74½ 74½	74½ 74½	74½ 74½	74½ 74½	74½ 74½	73½ 74½	107,800
Erie.....	32½ 33½	32½ 33½	31½ 32½	31½ 32½	31½ 32½	31½ 32½	24,900
Union Pacific.....	29½ 29½	29½ 29½	28½ 29½	28½ 29½	28½ 29½	27½ 28½	61,400
Chi. & N. W.....	39½ 39½	39½ 39½	38½ 39½	38½ 39½	38½ 39½	37½ 38½	14,800
Do. pfd.....	57½ 57½	57½ 57½	57½ 57½	57½ 57½	57½ 57½	57½ 57½	1,300
N. J. Central.....	104½ 104½	104½ 104½	104½ 104½	104½ 104½	104½ 104½	104½ 104½	100
Rock Island.....	103½ 103½	103½ 103½	101½ 102½	101½ 102½	101½ 102½	100½ 101½	28,900
Mil. & St. Paul.....	36 36½	35½ 36½	35½ 36½	35½ 36½	35½ 36½	34½ 35½	2,900
Do. pfd.....	54½ 54½	54½ 54½	54½ 54½	54½ 54½	54½ 54½	54½ 54½	84
Wabash.....	37 37½	36½ 37½	36½ 37½	35½ 36½	35½ 36½	33½ 34½	48,600
D. L. & W.....	108½ 108½	109 109½	109½ 109½	109½ 109½	108½ 109½	109 109½	1,300
O. & M.....	25½ 25½	25½ 25½	24½ 25½	24½ 25½	24½ 25½	23½ 24½	11,400
C. C. & I. C.....	12 12½	12½ 12½	12½ 12½	12½ 12½	12½ 12½	11½ 12½	4,100
W. U. Tel.....	77 77½	77½ 77½	76½ 77½	76½ 77½	76½ 77½	76½ 77½	167,100
Pacific Mail.....	47½ 48½	47½ 48½	47½ 48½	47½ 48½	47½ 48½	47½ 48½	70,700

In Government bonds prices have been well maintained in the face of only a moderate demand for home account. Prices closed a fraction higher than last week. The following are the closing quotations to-night:

	BID.	ASKED		BID.	ASKED
Registered 6's, 1881, c.....	118½	118½	Registered 5-20, 1867, c.....	117½	117½
Registered 5-20, 1862, c.....	112½	112½	Registered 5-20, 1868, c.....	117½	118
Registered 5-20, 1864, c.....	116½	116½	Registered 10-40's, c.....	114½	114½
Registered 5-20, 1865, M and N.....	117½	117½	Registered 5's of 1881.....	112½	112½
Registered 5-20, 1865, J and J.....	116½	116½	U. S. Currency 6's.....	117½	118

The quotations for gold have ranged between 109½ to 110. The short interest in gold is considerable, and is indicated by the fact that a small bonus was paid for its use at different times during the week. At the Treasury sale of \$1,000,000 on Thursday, the total amount bid for was \$4,470,000, which shows that there is a good demand for it. The shipments for the week were inconsiderable in amount, and mostly of foreign specie in transitu.

The following shows the range of quotations for every day during the week ending August 29:

	Monday, Aug. 24.....	Tuesday, Aug. 25.....	Wednesday, Aug. 26.....	Thursday, Aug. 27.....	Friday, Aug. 28.....	Saturday, Aug. 29.....
Opening.	110	110	109½	109½	109½	109½
Highest.	110	110	109½	109½	109½	109½
Lowest.	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½
Closing.	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½

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